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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1436.—December 16, 1871.

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THE POOR MAN'S DARLING.

A TALE OF HARD TIMES.

Why did you leave me, Asthore Machree?
You were life, you were light, you were all to me;

Oh, our hearts are sad, and our cot is lone,
For we miss your face by the old hearthstone.

We cannot laugh, for we do not hear
Your merry laugh, love, so soft and clear;
We never dance as we danced of yore,
When your little feet beat the cabin floor.

But we gather round the fire at night,
And the white walls gleam in the ruddy light;
There we see your cloak and your little chair—
But oh, my darling, you are not there!

Your prayer-book is faded, old, and brown—
Here and there, as you left them, the leaves
turned down;

And oh, my darling, I even trace
Your finger-marks in some well-worn place.

Then each faded leaf I fondly kiss;
Oh, no relic of old is so dear as this!
And I weep, my darling, when none are near,
O'er the little fingers that rested here.

My gentle Eily, you came to me
In the cold dark hour of adversity;
We were very poor, but a jewel rare
Shone on our hearth, love, when you were
there.

Dearer you grew to our hearts each day—
Every cold, harsh thought, love, you smiled
away;

And each want in our love we soon forgot,
For you brought content to our humble cot.

Light was my heart as I toiled away;
For I thought of you as I tossed the hay;
And the fairest blossoms that round me grew,
My own little darling, I kept for you.

Blithely I sang when my toil was o'er,
As I sauntered on to our cabin door;
For I saw in the shade of the old ash-tree
Your smiling face looking out for me.

Ah, me! how your sweet blue eyes would
shine,

As I climbed the hill with your hand in mine;
But you talked so wise, that you made me
start,

And clasp you close to my trembling heart.

The golden autumn glided past,
And the dreaded winter came on at last;
While smaller each day grew our little store,
Till the last had gone, and we had no more.

Hunger, my darling, is hard to bear;
Still, without murmur you bore your share;

Like a patient spirit you hovered near,
In want and in sorrow our hearts to cheer.

Katey and Mary would cry for bread,
But you laughed and danced, love, and sang in-
stead.

Oh, dear little heart! you were kind and brave;
You knew there was none, so you did not crave.

You sang when your voice was faint and weak,
When the bloom had flown from your fair round
cheek;

In your tiny breast gnawed the hunger pain,
But your lips, my darling, would not com-
plain.

Oh, 'twas sweet to feel your soft arms twine,
And your warm young face pressing close to
mine.

"Are you hungry, love?" I would whisper low;
But you shook your head, and you answered,
"No."

My darling! I saw you fade away
Like the last soft glance of the closing day;
As the dying note of some magic strain
That charms the heart, then is hushed again.

The shadows of death, love, dimmed your
eyes,
As the dark clouds pass o'er the sunny skies;
And the drooping lids o'er those sweet eyes
fell

At the last soft stroke of the vesper bell.

A little sigh—it was all I heard—
Like the fluttering wing of a captive bird;
And a sobbing voice, from behind the bed,
Saying: "Father, father, is Eily dead?"

Chambers' Journal.

SONNET.

I sitting in this easeful paradise
Of summer sunshine and of myriad flowers,
Hear the glad birds; with drowsy, half-closed
eyes,

See the shades measure out the fleeting hours;
Watch the gold-banded bee, on restless wing
Haunting the purple pea and mignonette,
About their luscious sweetness fly and cling

As if his feet were caught in fairy net;
And know the insect, image of my thought,
Which now, from scented air and rural scene,
Is gathering sweets, since all with them is
fraught,

To live on when frost lies where warmth has
been.

Sweets, summer-gathered, serve for winter
food,

And hours like these feed after-solitude.

Gentleman's Magazine.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A CENTURY OF GREAT POETS, FROM
1750 DOWNWARDS.

NO. IV.—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THE position of Coleridge in English literature is one of the most interesting and remarkable that can be imagined. To apportion him his place, and to justify the importance of it, are things which are easy to that true instinct which is above all criticism, but become difficult from the moment that we attempt to explain and give the reason why. The poetic priesthood, simple and austere, of Wordsworth—the wonderful mightiness and fulness of invention, and the splendid personal history of Scott—open to each of these great figures his appropriate pedestal, with a distinctness and simplicity which ease the critic from one of his most difficult labours. But Coleridge, in essence and soul more entirely a poet than either of them, dwelling more among the subjects and in the atmosphere of poetry than any man of his generation, is beyond all parallel the most perplexing figure in the literary history of his time. His soul is one of those which, like Milton's, yet even more emphatically than Milton's, dwells apart. His life belongs to this world solely by the necessities of flesh and blood, which bind him whether he wills or no; but in reality he has no more connection with the common soil than the bonds of gravitation compel. Speaking not in a religious sense, but with the humanly spiritual meaning which may be applied to the words, we find no phrase so apt to express his habit and character as those words of St. Paul, "Our conversation is in heaven." In heaven, yet not in paradise—in an intermediate unknown region where Truth dwells, and all the lofty souls of things—was Coleridge's abode; a sublimer Limbo, not below, but above humanity—such a limbo as might have been placed, had it entered into the conception of a still greater poet, on the edge of the Purgatorio instead of the Inferno—with great souls and poets dwelling in it, like those on the other side, who "without hope live in desire;" but on this, with desire and hope mingled, tracing afar off the angel forms that stand around the throne, and

enduring only the splendid torment of that longing to mount higher and ever higher, which is the form of their purgation. He is like a mountain with head ever held high over the common ways of earth, sometimes enveloped in clouds and mists, but sometimes towering high above them into the blue serene which lies beyond. By such metaphors alone can we give an idea of the nature of the man who, being man, was often blamable, and often seems to have forgotten that though his head was among the stars, his feet were bound to trace the lawful ways of earthly living, taking no excuse from the height of spiritual existence to which his other part was elevated. This view of him must be considered in its turn; but his first aspect is as nearly that of sheer spirit, scarcely conscious of the necessity of embodiment—a being composed of intellect, soul, and heart, without any fleshly element—as it is possible for the imagination to conceive.

This spirituality of his nature—we use the word not in a religious sense, though Coleridge's nature was at the same time deeply religious—gives a certain effect and power to all that proceeds from him, which much surpasses its material importance. His acknowledged greatness as a poet is built perhaps upon the very smallest matter-of-fact foundation that ever fame had. His so-called poems, good and bad, everything he has done in rhyme, occupy but one small volume, in which there is included much that is of no particular importance, and some things which are not poetry at all; while his three real and great poems, the "Ancient Mariner," "Christabel," and "Love," would not do more than make up among them a tiny brochure. Two of these are, in scope and construction, very far from intelligible to the common understanding. They contain none of the elements of ordinary popularity; they do not appeal to the primitive emotions, nor gain any fictitious interest from that power of association which often carries a homely verse straight to the heart. Yet their power is so unquestionable that the world has acknowledged it in its own despite, in a tremor of wonder and perplexity and curiosity, not

comprehending but feeling, and bowing down before its natural king. Though we hear of adverse criticism, and though his first great poem, being published with them, naturally shared the fate of Wordsworth's *Lyrical Ballads*, yet we find no trace of the determined opposition against which Wordsworth had to fight his way to greatness, in the case of the companion whose vivid imaginations were above criticism. "The sweet, soft, still breath of praise," says Professor Wilson, in one of his own most beautiful and poetical essays, "rose from many a secret place where genius and simplicity abided; and Coleridge, amid the simpers of the silly, and the laughter of the light, and the scorn of the callous, and the abuse of the brutal, received the laurel crown woven by the hands of all the best of his brother bards." His poetry was not to be questioned; it was strange, wild, original, like nothing else in earth or heaven; but it thrilled every competent spectator with consciousness of a new power, a new light revealing the unseen. His images and metaphors are all drawn from that spiritual Debatable Land in which he dwelt. They are the utterance of one who sees what we cannot see, and hears what we do not hear. His whole mind and soul are uplifted to the magic hill-top on which he chants his song, with his singing-garments round him and his head among the stars. Thus the strains, so few in number, so strange in character, affect the mind more powerfully than even the avowedly great poems which are written under more ordinary conditions. It is as if an angel sang to us; yet not an angel, — a great, powerful, wandering, wayward spirit, more deeply sympathetic with earth and its anguishes than with the realm of celestial bliss — aware of a thousand occult forces unknown to us, strange beings, good and bad, whom he does not imagine, but sees with those larger other eyes than ours, which are his by right of his nature. The ship that drifts against the sunset with its weird players; the beautiful angel who looks the knight in the face, and whom he knows to be a fiend; the loathly yet lovely lady, "beautiful exceedingly," who throws her magic over Christabel, — all these are ap-

partitions from another world, from a world spiritual, unseen, between heaven and earth, unknown except in so far as the seer chooses to reveal them, yet haunting our visible life in a mysterious neighbourhood, weaving themselves in with our affairs, accounting for a thousand mysteries. The power which his knowledge of them and of the invisible gives him affects us more suddenly, more certainly, more vividly, than any other kind of poetry. It impresses not so much the understanding as a kindred imagination which is latent in every one of us, and which is more rapid and potent than even the intellect. Thus hosts of people who could give no explanation of the Ancient Mariner, or of its effect upon their minds — no more than the wedding-guest could, who is the first great example of this influence — have been moved by it as all the lofty musings and fine philosophy of the "Excursion" could never move them. We do not pause here to say how profoundly this influence was felt by all who listened to the magical monologue of the poet in those days when he had ceased to put his thoughts into verse. Our object now is simply to point out that his nature, — the predominance of spirit in him, his position as an almost entirely intellectual and spiritual being, — is the very essence of his poetry, and has carried it straight to that innermost region of feeling which is one of the highest possessions of humanity — a thing at once deeper and wider than intellect. Thus he who has written less, and less intelligibly (so to speak), than any of his great contemporaries — whose productions are to those of Wordsworth, of Byron, of Shelley, even of Keats, as a drop is to an ocean — holds a position unsurpassed by any of them, and greater in actual power and influence than most. The others have laboured incomparably more, but they have attained no higher a result so far as fame is concerned. For in all of the others there are coarser elements — the visible prose of art as well as its higher inspiration — the scaffolding and tools and preparations which are necessary to every mortal structure, and betray when and how it was made. But Coleridge needs no scaffoldings, no implements. His is pure poe-

try, as his nature is all spirit. "The body that does us grievous wrong" is never visible, scarce necessary except for the mere voice, its most ethereal part. It has no active power in the matter. The song comes forth to us chanted softly, with now and then a rising swell of inspiration, out of the undiscovered world between earth and heaven. There is not even any effort of thought or invention, any strain of discovery. "What we have seen with our eyes and heard with our ears"—in this is the great secret of his fame.

Coleridge was born in 1772, in the little town of Ottery St. Mary, in Devonshire. His father was vicar of the parish, and master of the grammar-school, a man of learning and piety, who died, as it seems to be almost necessary that a poet's father should die, when his son was very young. Samuel Taylor Coleridge was the youngest of ten children. His elder brothers and sisters seem to have belonged altogether to an antecedent generation, and from those more near to him he seems to have been very soon and very completely detached; though his early recollections of the visionary time, when he was the plaything and pet of the family, and specially of his father, who was already an old man at his birth, and whose delight he was—are pathetically clear and vivid. The child, however, was only nine years old when he lost this pious and tender father, whom all his life long he laments as his one irremediable loss. A year afterwards the little fellow was sent to Christ's Hospital, a presentation to which had been secured to him by Judge Buller, once one of his father's pupils. From this time his mother's house, his family and home, seemed to disappear altogether from about him. We hear absolutely no more of them. Whether the subsequent advancement of the race in the world is due to their own qualities entirely, or is in any degree owing to the fame of the poet, for whom neither they nor the world did much, is beyond our power of judging; but certainly the parson's family of Ottery St. Mary seems to have lent little moral backing or affectionate support to its gifted child. He describes himself, in the second hard chapter of his life, after the

childish petting which the youngest son had received at home, as "depressed, moping, friendless, poor orphan, half starved;" and piteous is the tale that follows—the sketch of Christ's Hospital, in its then condition, and of the hungry lonely boy, with genius swelling in his heart, and an unsatisfied boy's appetite making his cheeks hollow, and his desires ravenous. The following affecting narrative, written in Coleridge's person by the tender-hearted Elia, gives the best view possible of this scanty and suffering commencement of life. At that time, it may be premised, the dietary of Christ's Hospital was of the lowest: breakfast consisting of a "quarter of penny loaf, moistened with attenuated small beer in wooden pig-gins, smacking of the pitched leathern jack it was poured from;" and the weekly rule giving "three banyan-days to four meat-days."

"I was a poor friendless boy; my parents, and those who should have cared for me, were far away. Those few acquaintances of theirs, whom they could reckon upon being kind to me in the great city, after a little forced notice, which they had the grace to take of me on my first arrival in town, soon grew tired of my holiday visits. They seemed to them to recur too often, though I thought them few enough. One after another, they all failed me, and I felt myself alone among six hundred playmates. Oh the cruelty of separating a poor lad from his early homestead! The yearnings which I used to have towards it in those unfledged years! How in my dreams would my native town come back (far in the west), with its churches and trees and faces! . . . The long warm days of summer never return but they bring with them a gloom from the haunting memory of those *whole days' leave*, when, by some strange arrangement, we were turned out for the livelong day, upon our own hands, whether we had friends to go to or none. I remember those bathing excursions to the New River which Lamb recalls with so much relish, better, I think, than he can—for he was a home-seeking lad, and did not care much for such water-parties. How we would sally forth into the fields, and strip under the first warmth of the sun, and wanton like young dace in the streams, getting appetites for the noon; which those of us that were penniless (our scanty morning crust long since exhausted) had not the means of allaying—while the cattle and the birds and the fishes

were at feed about us, and we had nothing to satisfy our cravings; the very beauty of the day and the exercise of the pastime, and the sense of liberty setting a keener edge upon them! How faint and languid, finally, we would return toward nightfall to our desired morsel, half rejoicing, half reluctant, that the hours of uneasy liberty had expired!

"It was worse in the days of winter, to go prowling about the streets objectless, shivering at cold windows of printshops, to extract a little amusement; or haply, as a last resort, in the hope of a little novelty, to pay a fifty-times-repeated visit (where our individual faces would be as well known to the warden as those of his own charges) to the lions in the Tower, to whose *levée*, by courtesy immemorial, we had a prescriptive right of admission."

This melancholy and harsh life was, however, ameliorated by some curious personal incidents. Once, for example, the solitary boy, moving along the crowded streets, fancied, in the strange vividness of his waking dream, that he was Leander swimming across the Hellespont. His hand "came in contact with a gentleman's pocket" as he pursued this visionary amusement, and for two or three minutes Coleridge was in danger of being taken into custody as a pickpocket. On finding out how matters really stood, however, this stranger—genial, nameless soul—immediately gave to the strange boy the advantage of a subscription to a library close by, thus setting him up, as it were, in life. On another occasion, one of the higher boys, a "deputy-Grecian," found him seated in a corner reading Virgil. "Are you studying your lesson?" he asked. "No; I am reading for pleasure," said the boy, who was not sufficiently advanced to read Virgil in school. This introduced him to the favourable notice of the head-master Bowyer, and made of the elder scholar, Middleton by name, a steady friend and counsellor for years. Yet at this time Coleridge was considered by the lower-master, under whom he was, "a dull and inept scholar, who could not be made to repeat a single rule of syntax, although he would give a rule in his own way." The life, however, of this great school, with all its injudicious liberties and confinements, must have been anything but a healthy one. Starved and solitary, careless of play as play, and already full of that consuming spiritual curiosity which never left him, Coleridge's devotion to the indiscriminate stores of the circulating library gave the last aggravation to all the unwholesome particulars of his life. "Conceive what I must have been at fourteen,"

he exclaims. "I was in a continual low fever. My whole being was, with eyes closed to every object of present sense, to crumple myself up in a sunny corner and read, read, read; fancy myself on Robinson Crusoe's island finding a mountain of plum-cake, and eating a room for myself, and then eating it into the shapes of tables and chairs—hunger, and fancy!" At the same time he adds, "My talents and superiority made me for ever at the head in my routine of study, though utterly without the desire to be so—without a spark of ambition; and as to emulation, it had no meaning for me; but the difference between me and my form-fellows, in our lessons and exercises, bore no proportion to the measureless difference between me and them in the wide, wild wilderness of useless unarranged book-knowledge and book-thoughts." A droll incident occurred about this period of his life, which shows how true was this absolute want of ambition. The friendless boy had made acquaintance with a shoemaker and his wife, who had a shop near the school, and who were kind to him; and thereupon he conceived the extraordinary idea of getting himself apprenticed to his friend, whom he persuaded to go to the head-master to make this wonderful proposal. "Od's my life, man, what d'y'e mean?" cried the master, with not unnatural indignation mingling with his amazement; and notwithstanding Coleridge's support of the application, the shoemaker was turned out of the place, and the would-be apprentice chosen, "against my will," he says, "as one of those destined for the university." The same irascible yet excellent master flogged the boy severely on hearing that he boasted of being an infidel. It is odd and amusing, however, to realize what might have been Coleridge's fate had he been allowed his boyish will. We doubt much whether the conditions of his life would have been half so much changed as would appear at the first glance had it been spent on the cobbler's bench. There, as elsewhere, he would have been the oracle of a circle. He would have talked over his shoemaking as he talked all through his literature, gathering around him a little throng of worshippers, less learned, no doubt, but not less enthusiastic. Of all the men of genius we know, he is the one who would have suffered least from such a metamorphosis. Imagination indeed has little difficulty in picturing this wonderful phase of the might-have-been. How he would have talked in the queer little dingy shop; how his big forehead

and dreamy eyes would have shone in the obscurity; how quaintly his strange knowledge, his weird wisdom, the depth and intensity of his vision, would have illuminated the place about him; and what a novel and wonderful effect would that illumination have had upon the intense reality of lowly life! Coleridge, as a cobbler, is one of the quaintest and most tempting suggestions which fancy ever had. It opens up to us an entire new world.

This, however, was not to be. His next stage in life was not a shoemaker's shop in Newgate Street, but Jesus College, Cambridge, which he entered in 1791 at the age of nineteen — the object of many high prophecies and hopes on the part of his school and schoolfellows, who had unanimously determined that he was to be great and do them honour. The first thing he did, however, was, alas! too common an incident: he got into debt, though not, it would appear, for an overwhelming sum, or in any discreditable way. So long as his friend of Christ's Hospital, Middleton, remained in Cambridge, Coleridge pursued his studies with a great deal of regularity and in his first year won the prize for a Greek ode. But after a while his industry slackened, and a kind of dreamy idleness — implying no languor of the soul or common reluctance to mental work, but rather, it would seem, a disinclination to work in the usual grooves, and do what was expected of him — took possession of the young scholar. "He was very studious, but his reading was desultory and capricious," writes a fellow-student. "He was ready at any time to unshed his mind in conversation, and for the sake of this his rooms were a constant rendezvous of conversation-loving friends. What evenings have I spent in these rooms! What little suppers, or *sizings*, as they were called, have I enjoyed; when *Æschylus* and *Plato* and *Thucydides* were pushed aside with a pile of lexicons and the like, to discuss the pamphlets of the day! Ever and anon a pamphlet issued from the pen of Burke. There was no need of having the book before us; Coleridge had read it in the morning and in the evening he would repeat whole pages *verbatim*." It was while he was at the university that the French Revolution occurred; but, strangely enough, this great event made no such impression on the visionary as it did upon Wordsworth's steadier mind — the reason of this however being, no doubt, that he was much less closely thrown in contact with it. His college life was interrupted by a curious and whimsical accident, for it does not seem to

deserve a more serious name. He had failed to win a university scholarship, his friend Middleton had left Cambridge, and other causes combined to dishearten him. One authority informs us that he was tormented by his creditors, and another that he had been refused by a young lady to whom he had given his heart. Deeply cast down and despondent, he left Cambridge and went to London, where he strayed about the streets all night in the first outburst of that strange dreamy self-abandonment and rebellion against life's ordinary laws which recurred so often in his troubled existence. This was the first; and there is in it something of the boy's innocent and wayward but deep despair, which makes the reader smile even while he is most deeply touched by the lad's solitary wandering and foolish misery. He gave away everything he had in his pocket to beggars whom he met with during this confused nocturnal ramble, and in the morning woke up from his dream at the sight of a bill on the wall which invited "smart lads" to enlist in the 15th, Elliot's Light Dragoons. He paused before this with a reflection worthy of a half-crazed philosopher of twenty. "I have had all my life a violent antipathy to soldiers and horses," he said to himself; "the sooner I can cure myself of these absurd prejudices the better, and I will enlist in this regiment!" And so he did accordingly, calling himself, with a philosophical absurdity, in which there is a gleam of humour, *Comberbach*, as being likely to cumber the back of any horse on which he was placed.

In this curious situation he remained for six months, making himself, as his different biographers inform us, a very useful and entertaining member of the corps; not in any warlike way, it is true — his chief qualities in that respect being a tendency to fall from his horse, and absolute incapacity to learn his drill. But he nursed his sick comrades with kind and not unskilful hands; and he told them stories till the whole regiment was ready to serve him — cleaning his horse and accoutrements for him, and relieving him from the daily drudgery of the barracks. He was discovered, one account tells us, in consequence of having interposed to correct a Greek translation which one officer made to another in his hearing — a very wonderful incident, surely, since we doubt whether young dragoon officers are much more in the way of quoting Euripides than young troopers are of setting them right. Another and more likely story is, that he was

met in the streets by a fellow-student, who informed his friends of his whereabouts, and was thus the means of delivering him from the new coil of circumstances which doubtless by this time had lost their attraction of novelty. He went back, accordingly, to his college after this odd adventure, which does not seem to have made any particular impression on his mind, though it furnishes a quaint chapter to his life.

We are not informed who the "friends" were who thus restored Coleridge to his natural sphere, and supported him at college. Indeed it has never been our fate to encounter a life more lost in mystifications, or less easy to disentangle from the mists of statement and counter-statement which have grown about it. This is chiefly owing, no doubt, to the fact that there were many things in it which the natural feeling of relations and descendants would fain have concealed. Concealment, however, in the case of such a man, is even more hopeless than it is in respect to ordinary persons; and it would have been much better not only for the world, in the contemplation of a most pathetic life, but to the family and good fame of Coleridge, had some one ventured to tell the sad story plainly and fully. As it is, we have to make our way as we can through Gilman's unfinished and flattering fragment of biography — through the more satisfactory yet too reticent and also unfinished sketch appended by his nephew to the "*Biographia Literaria*," on one side; and through Cottle's maundering and self-sufficient Recollections, and the elegant indiscretions of De Quincey, on the other. The attempt to smooth over on one hand, gives the inclination to clear up on the other a spiteful and ill-tempered aspect; and we find ourselves lost at last in a flood of mysterious gossip, no man venturing to speak plainly. We hope to be able, out of this muddle, to disentangle the sad checkered thread of the poet's life, so far as it concerns our present subject; but it is no easy task. His faults were great and grievous, no doubt; and they were thrown into fuller light by the success and the virtues of his two friends, Wordsworth and Southey, both of whom, with not much advantage over him in the outset of life, managed, nevertheless, to live and thrive without compromising their poetic character, and to secure comfort and good reputation as men, besides their fame. But it is often the fallen and failing to whom the heart turns most tenderly; and a true record of Coleridge's weaknesses, tempta-

tions and miseries would, we cannot doubt, be found his best plea for human pardon.

After this escapade of soldiering he returned to college, but only for a short time, his habits having been broken and his mind unsettled, no doubt, by so strange a break in his academic life. He had also by this time adopted, or supposed himself to have adopted, the doctrines of the Unitarians — doctrines which he afterwards condemned with all the eloquence and vehemence of which he was master. His temporary adoption of them seems to have meant little more than the general disorder and unsettlement of a young man's religious views. "I always told the Unitarians," he said afterwards, "that their interpretations of Scripture were intolerable upon any principles of sound criticism; and that if they were to offer to construe the will of a neighbour as they did that of their Maker, they would be scouted out of society. I said then, plainly and openly, that it was clear enough that John and Paul were not Unitarians. But at that time I had a strong sense of the repugnancy of the doctrine of vicarious atonement to the moral being, and I thought nothing could counterbalance that. 'What care I,' I said, 'for the Platonisms of John or the Rabbinnisms of Paul? My conscience revolts!' That was the ground of my Unitarianism."

At the end of his college course he made acquaintance with Southey — an acquaintance which rapidly ripened into the warmest friendship, and which, in 1794, led him to Bristol — where he fell in love, and as was natural enough, fell also into one of those vaguely-splendid plans of Paradise revived, and a new Utopia, which are so delightful to the imagination of youth. A great deal more than is at all necessary seems to have been made of this plan by the foolish loquacity of the bookseller Cottle, who suddenly found himself in the delightful position of patron and assisting providence to a cluster of young men of genius, and whose sense of practical superiority to all their ravings evidently intoxicated him. The plan itself, called Pantisocracy, was one of the most charming and foolish ever invented by babe, lover, or poet. The chief originators of it — Coleridge, Southey, and Lovell — were respectively engaged to Sara, Mary, and Edith Fricker, young women who have left but few traces of their own individuality upon the world, yet whose fortune was remarkable enough. What more congenial to the three young pairs,

full of hope and enthusiasm, than the new life, under new and strange conditions. delightfully unusual, novel, unlike anything to be found elsewhere, which this dream set before them? The bridegrooms were allied to each other by the half-adoring bond of poetic friendship and mutual admiration; the brides were sisters; an ideal group, combining all that each wanted—love, friendship, mutual aid, and a ready-made and perfectly sympathetic society. In the present day the youthful brain, between the ages of twenty and twenty-five, has grown less susceptible; but a great many of us still can remember the time when such a vision would have set our whole being aflame. The colony was to be planted on the banks of the Susquehanna, chiefly because that river possessed a soft and liquid name! and was to support itself as Adam and Eve did by that delving and spinning which are the primitive arts of mankind. No doubt this plan afforded an infinite deal of talk to the lovers, and to all their friends. It was discussed with all that mock seriousness and profound solemnity to which youth is prone; and was intended to be carried out no doubt, so long as the craze lasted, by help of that glorious hazard which we all trust in more or less in the beginning of life. There is no trace, however, of any actual step being taken in the matter, though good Mr. Cottle accepted everything *au pied de la lettre*, and makes the most of the divine folly without any consciousness of the necessity of effervescence which existed in these young brains. By the beginning of 1795, Coleridge had shaken himself free of the university without even taking his degree. He would seem at the same time, so far as any further indication is given us, to have shaken himself free of his family, whom he had no doubt disappointed and exasperated, and to have thrown himself upon the world in which he was henceforward to fight a painful battle for himself, without either aid from or reference to his kith and kin. "He returned with Southey to Bristol," says his nephew, "and commenced man."

Up to this moment, so far as we can make out, he had published nothing, and had not written much. His friends had probably destined him for the Church, which of course had become impossible from his Unitarian principles; but it is evident that no kind of professional training had ever been his. He was penniless; but his mind was full and overflowing with a thousand schemes: he had done nothing

as yet to compromise himself with the world, and he impressed upon every one who saw him a conviction of his exceeding genius. At the same time it must be fully understood that his actual poverty was rendered so much greater by the fact that he had not even, like so many penniless genius, a manuscript in his pocket with which to conquer fate. He had neither money nor money's worth. The liberal Cottle had offered him thirty guineas for a volume of poems not yet written, and had afterwards added to this by a promise "to give him one guinea and a half for every hundred lines he might present to me, whether rhyme or blank verse." On this substantial provision the young man married! replying to some one who asked what his means were with the lofty intimation that "Mr. Cottle had made him such an offer that he felt no solicitude on the subject." This, Heaven help him! was his way of "commencing man." He was but twenty-three, still in all the chaos of youthful fancies, with an unsteady mind veering about like the wind, and that fatal mixture of hope, self-confidence, and readiness to embrace every new plan suggested to him, which contains all the elements of ruin. No doubt it was his immense knowledge and wonderful versatility which made him so open to every suggestion, since of a hundred subjects one was as easy and as natural to him as another. He had begun his life in Bristol (as did also Southey) by delivering lectures, which apparently paid sufficiently well to keep him afloat for the time. But now more serious and steady work for a livelihood was necessary. It is a curious indication of the intellectual excitement of the age, that not Coleridge only, but Cottle and other practical men seem to have felt it quite possible for the young poet to earn his bread by the new tide of verse which made his honeymoon musical. He himself, for the moment at least, was nothing loath. He took his bride to a cottage at Clevedon, on the shores of the Bristol Channel; and here for a short but beautiful moment made visible his imprudent happiness. The solitary had become two—there was no time as yet for the entrance, of heavy disquietude. His Sara had still all the complacency of a bride, all the admiration for his powers of a young woman in love; and he could admire and adore and sing litanies to the woman he loved, without being compelled to ask himself whether she understood or cared for them. Here are the first breathings of the poet's content:—

"Low was our pretty cot : our tallest rose
Peeped at the chamber-window. We could
hear

At silent noon, and eve, and early morn,
The sea's faint murmur. In the open air
Our myrtles blossomed, and across the porch
Thick jasmynes twined : the little landscape
round

Was green and woody, and refreshed the eye.

And we *were* blessed. Oft with patient ear
Long-listening to the viewless sky-lark's
note

(Viewless, or haply for a moment seen
Gleaming on sunny wings), in whispered
tones

I've said to my beloved, "Such, sweet girl!
The inobtrusive song of happiness,
Unearthly minstrelsy! then only heard
When the soul seeks to hear; when all is
hushed,

And the soul listens!""

And again —

"My pensive Sara! thy soft cheek reclined
Thus on my arm, most soothing sweet it is
To sit beside our cot, our cot o'ergrown
With white-flowered jasmine, and the broad-
leaved myrtle,

(Meet emblems they of Innocence and Love!)
And watch the clouds, that late were rich with
light,

Slow saddening round, and mark the star of
eve

Serenely brilliant (such should wisdom be)
Shine opposite! How exquisite the scents
Snatched from yon bean-field! and the world so
hushed!"

For a few years this Arcadian strain is
heard at intervals, indicating the pleasant
changes of the gentle domestic story. At
one time the poet thanks God who has
given him "Peace and this cot, and thee,
heart-honoured maid" — at another, he
answers the question how he felt when his
first child, born in his absence, was pre-
sented to him. At first "my slow heart
was only sad," he says : —

"But when I saw it on its mother's arm,
And hanging at her bosom (she the while
Bent o'er its features with a tearful smile)
Then I was thrilled and melted, and most
warm

Impressed a father's kiss: and all beguiled
Of dark remembrance and presageful fear,
I seemed to see an angel-form appear —
'Twas even thine, beloved woman mild!

So for the mother's sake the child was
dear,
And dearer was the mother for the child."

When he is absent, there is still the
same refrain of love. In the "Day-Dream"
he gives us a little picture of his still lover-
like sentiments : —

"If thou wert here these tears were tears of
light;

But from as sweet a vision did I start
As ever made those eyes grow idly bright.
And though I weep, yet still around my
heart

A sweet and playful tenderness did linger,
Touching my heart as with an infant's finger.

Across my breast there lay a weight so warm
As if some bird had taken shelter there,
And lo! I seemed to see a woman's form,
Thine, Sara, thine! Oh joy, if thine it
were.

I gazed with stifled breath and feared to stir
it,

No sweeter trance e'er wrapt a yearning
spirit.

And now when I seemed sure thy face to see,
Thy own dear self in our own quiet home,
There came an elfish laugh and wakened me;

'Twas Frederic who behind my chair had
clomb,

And with his bright eyes at my face was peep-
ing;

I blessed him, tried to laugh, and fell a-weep-
ing."

When this first note of joy begins to die
on the ear, the children come in, or at
least the eldest child, the babe who is
cradled at the young father's feet, when
he sits up at his work after all else are at
rest in his cottage. Nothing can be more
warm, more tender, than those outpour-
ings of his love and happiness. There is
no mistaking the reality and fervour, the
truth and purity of the sweet domestic
idyll — so long as it lasts.

But unfortunately this was not long.
There are circumstances in which poverty
is gentle and almost pleasant — at least to
the spectator — when she can be at least
supposed to be the handmaid of goodness,
restraining self-indulgence, and making
many temptations impossible; and there
are circumstances in which she is noble,
enduring the evils she cannot mitigate.
But for once that poverty can exhibit
these attractive features, there are a hun-
dred in which she can be nothing but hide-
ous — when her physical sufferings are as
nothing to the little meannesses, the
greedy aspect, the ravenous demand she
makes, whether with her will or not. Of
all terrible things in the world, this hun-
gering penury is the most terrible. It
compels a man to a hundred humiliations,
it forces him to shifts and importunities he
loathes, it makes him despicable to him-
self and others, and finally it ruins his
character, and converts him in reality into
the sorry, shift, greedy, shameless wretch

which he has been forced to appear. This awful power was seated on the very springs of Coleridge's life; his own fault, it is true — for everything connected with his start in life had been alike foolish — but still there it was. It put its grip upon him in the very commencement of this poetic happiness. How were those gentle strains of melodious verse to provide for the terrible prose necessities which the foolish lad had never dreamed of? The young poet worked with what heart he could at "Religious Musings," and other vague prelections in blank verse, to make up that thirty guineas already all eaten and consumed, and to cover the poor little table, which, alas! had an ever-recurring need of being re-covered, such as no poetical imagination ever conceived. Thirty guineas, for instance, though a stupendous sum, was nothing when set against the still more stupendous daily continual return of breakfast, dinner, supper, all needing to be provided for, and yet again to be provided for day after day. It is this horrible persistence of necessity which crushes the unfortunate idealist. Coleridge had made a brilliant conception of life in the general, but he was appalled by it in the particular. His mind could embrace the grandeur but not the pettiness; and all the miseries which naturally attend the man without money and without practical energy came upon him like a flood.

After a short time he moved from Clevedon back to Bristol, and there projected and commenced the curious little magazine-newspaper called the "Watchman," which he began with great vigour and hope, having obtained, by means of a tour in search of them, canvassing for orders, the large number of 2000 subscribers. The publication, however, failed, and died at its tenth number. A great many amusing and whimsical incidents are recorded of this short-lived organ of opinion. The young poet visited Birmingham, Worcester, Nottingham, Sheffield, Derby, Liverpool, and a great many other places, to recommend his forthcoming work, with a zeal which was, no doubt, heightened by his characteristic satisfaction in seeing new faces, and having it in his power to talk to an ever-varying line of listeners. All sorts of adventures met him on his way. At Derby he met Dr. Darwin, the ancestor of another not less famous philosopher who embellishes our own age, who "bantered me on the subject of religion," and "boasted that he had never read one book in favour of such stuff." "I heard all his arguments," says the

wandering philosopher, with a certain youthful grandeur, "and told him it was infinitely consoling to me to find that the arguments of so great a man adduced against the existence of a God, and the evidences of revealed religion, were such as had startled me at fifteen, but had become the objects of my smile at twenty." The Christian apologist who took this lofty ground was at the time, it must be remembered, a professed Unitarian, and as such preached several times during this expedition in Unitarian chapels "in a blue coat and white waistcoat," thus showing his superiority to everything that was conventional! At Derby he was advised to settle in that place, and open a day-school, by which it was supposed that he might make a modest fortune, working but four hours a-day. To this suggestion, as to most others, Coleridge lent a serious ear, really thinking of doing it, as would appear, until he had forgotten all about it! At Birmingham something more important happened, as he there made acquaintance with Charles Lloyd, a poetical and high-minded hypochondriac, who soon afterwards went to live with the poet, and helped the poor little household through its first troubles.

Thus he wandered on his way, leaving wherever he went a luminous track behind him, and impressing on the minds of the wide circle of people upon whom he had glanced in passing, such an impression of genius as the common intelligence rarely receives. In this particular Coleridge always did himself justice, for talk was his natural way of making himself known. He gives in his letters some amusing anonymous criticisms upon his strange little periodical, one of which is worth quoting: —

"Sir, I detest your principles. Your prose I think very so-so; but your poetry is so beautiful that I take in your, 'Watchman,' solely on account of it. In justice, therefore, to me and some others of my stamp, I entreat you to give us more verses and less democratic scurrility.

"Your admirer — not esteemer."

Notwithstanding, however, its 2000 subscribers and its many admirers, the "Watchman" was suppressed in its tenth number, dying of sheer starvation; and Coleridge was again upon the world. "It is not pleasant, Thomas Poole," he says, in one of his letters, "to have worked fourteen weeks for nothing — for nothing; nay, to have given to the public in addition to that toil £45." And then he plunges into the plans which, on the failure

of this undertaking, were all he had left him. One was to go to Germany to perfect himself in the language, the expenses being paid by a translation of "all the works of Schiller, which would make a portly quarto;" while there he was to study chemistry and anatomy, and bringing over with him "the works of Semler and Michaelis, the German theologians, and of Kant, the great German metaphysician," was incontinently to commence a school for eight young men at £105 each." The course of studies was to be as follows:—

"1. Man as an animal; including the complete knowledge of anatomy, chemistry, mechanics, and optics. 2. Man as an intellectual being; including the ancient metaphysics, the systems of Locke and Hartley, of the Scotch philosophers and the new Kantian system. 3. Man as a religious being, including a historic summary of all religions, and of the arguments for and against natural and revealed religion. Then, proceeding from the individuals to the aggregate of individuals, and disregarding all chronology except that of mind, I should perfect them—1. In the history of savage tribes; 2. Of semi-barbarous nations; 3. Of nations emerging from semi-barbarism; 4. Of civilized states; 5. Of luxurious states; 6. Of revolutionary states; 7. Of colonies. During their studies I should intermix the knowledge of languages, and instruct my scholars in *belles lettres*, and the principles of composition.

"Now, seriously, do you think that one of my scholars thus perfected would not make a better senator than perhaps any one member in either of our Houses? Gracious heavens! that a scheme so big with advantage to this kingdom—therefore to Europe—therefore to the world—should be demolisable by one monosyllable from a bookseller's mouth!"

"The second plan," he adds, however, with perfect philosophy, after this brilliant outburst, "is to become a Dissenting minister, and abjure politics and casual literature." At this time he was four-and-twenty, with a wife and child to maintain, and without a penny in the world—a poor, starving, confused, tumultuous young soul, with his imagination weaving so many splendid webs about him, building dream-palaces all ready for habitation, mapping out upon the clouds the most impossible magnificent pathways,—but ever the clog at his feet, the impossibility of the first step which was to open everything—though after that first step all was so plain!

After this the young poet removed to Nether Stowey, in Somersetshire, where he lived as "under the shade of one impervious oak," in a cottage near the house

of his friend Poole. His residence here brought a little lull in his life. Charles Lloyd, to whom he addressed the beautiful verses, "To a Young Friend, on his proposing to domesticate with the Author," has by this time become a member of his family, and, no doubt, furnished to a considerable extent the means for its support. He had his friend Poole close at hand, and, as he says, with a certain splendid absurdity, "To live in a beautiful country, and to inure myself as much as possible to the labours of the field, have been for this year past my dream of the day, my sigh at midnight." How far he was enabled to inure himself to the labours of the field there is no record, but he lived at Nether Stowey nearly three years—years which were the most tranquil, and probably the happiest, of his life. Here he himself informs us—"I provided for my scanty maintenance by writing verses for a London morning paper." These poems, no doubt, included the Ode to "France;" the wonderful "War Eclogue," called "Fire, Famine, and Slaughter;" and the "Devil's Walk." Nothing can exceed the fierce power and vehemence of the second of these poems, unless, indeed, it were the essay on Pitt, which appeared some years later in the "Morning Post," one of the most trenchant pieces of personal criticism ever written. Coleridge's political feelings were warm, but they never took the first place in his mind, and it is only two or three times that he gave them full expression; though when he did so, the product was such as might well make the objects of his satire tremble. Pleasanter associations, however, are connected with the cottage in which he found a temporary refuge. A few months after Coleridge went to Nether Stowey, Wordsworth and his sister, chiefly moved by the desire to be near their new friend, took the house of Allfoxden, within three miles of that village; and as long as they remained there, the intercourse between the two poets was unbroken. They walked together, made excursions, talked, mused, and speculated, exciting and encouraging each other, as only such intercourse can do. While they traversed the oak-woods, or rested on the grassy combs, they discussed the uses of poetry,—the power of exciting the sympathy of the reader by a faithful adherence to the truth of nature—and the power of giving the interest of novelty, by the modifying colours of imagination." With their eyes upon the beautiful landscape below—the "woods, smooth downs, valleys, with small brooks

running down them through green meadows, hardly ever intersected with hedges, but scattered over with trees," which Miss Wordsworth describes—they noted all the changes of light and colour, which are as a soul to the still beauty of nature, and that perpetual variation and rhythmic succession of changes gave a new scope to their thoughts. "The sudden charm which accidents of light and shade, which moonlight or sunlight diffused over a familiar landscape, appeared to represent the practicability of combining" both the poetical powers which they had been discussing. "These," says Coleridge, in his lofty monologue, "are the poetry of nature. The thought suggested itself (to which of us I do not recollect) that a series of poems might be composed of two sorts. In the one, the incidents and agents were to be, in part at least, supernatural; . . . for the second class, subjects were to be chosen from ordinary life." Up to this time Coleridge had evidenced no special inclination towards the supernatural. His poems had been, like his friend's, descriptive, with an element of sentiment added to them; but nothing of the weird or wonderful. If his mind tended thereto, it had as yet never shown the faculty; and there is every reason to suppose that it was Wordsworth's distinct natural bent towards the "subjects drawn from ordinary life" which decided his friend to take up the other, and which would have made him equally willing to take any other subject, whatever it might have been. To his many-sided soul it mattered little. He was as ready to have plunged into science, had that been the other side of the antithesis; but as the supernatural was the thing to be done, into the supernatural he plunged accordingly, with a humility of soul which was only matched by the overflowing wealth of genius which made this arbitrarily-chosen style the very style of all others to develop his powers. In this curiously-accidental way did he find out his real strength. The story is like that of a man groping in the darkness for his tools, and finding them by Heaven's guidance, not his own wisdom. A certain youthful levity of self-confidence mingles with the real sense of strength which made him willing to take whatever subject might fall to him; but the true humility, unselfishness, and poetic enthusiasm which is also mingled with that levity, merited the overflowing reward which they found.

In pursuance of this plan the "Ancient Mariner" was written, or, to speak more appropriately, was composed, on these

very breezy heights of Quantock, as the poet roamed about them with his friends. It is thus that Wordsworth records its birth:—

"Upon smooth Quantock's airy ridge we roved
Unchecked, or loitered 'mid her sylvan combs.
Thou in bewitching words, with happy heart,
Didst chant the vision of that Ancient Man,
The bright-eyed Mariner, and rueful woes
Didst utter of the Lady Christabel."

Never had poem a more pleasant origin. With "happy heart"—with no pressure upon him of those hard and sordid necessities which dwelt in the village below—with nothing but the blue sky and grassy hills, the indulgent summer, the enthusiastic poet-society, the delightful emulation of one minstrel with another—this great weird song came forth on some strain of its own, some chant such as belongs to poetry, not music, but cadenced utterance. Had Duty and Mr. Cottle called forth the song, it might have gained another kind of interest, and a meaning sadder and in some respects more lofty; but nature sympathizes, after all, with the sweet air, the youthful freedom, the spontaneous and causeless flight of genius. Poor Coleridge, Heaven knows, had struggle enough in the body and out of it; and though one cannot help but give a pitiful thought to the poor little wife at home, once sung to the echo, but now left—poor Sara!--to be as pensive as she pleased without much note of it,—yet there is something in the poet's holiday, and in the freedom of pleasure, and leisure, and sweet forgetfulness of care, with which we sympathize also, in spite of ourselves. But if poor Mrs. Coleridge was cross of nights, she was not, perhaps, without excuse.

The "Ancient Mariner" began the volume of "Lyrical Ballads," which was published in 1798. It was the only poem by Coleridge included in that wonderful volume: and few literary conjunctions ever have been more curious than that of this powerful and extraordinary poem with the "Idiot Boy" and its homely band. If these productions represented the gleams of light in the landscape, thrown now upon one insignificant knoll or clump of trees and now upon other, according to the beautiful fantastic theory quoted above, this first great offspring of Coleridge's genius must have been like the majestic progress of the storm over the broad champaign—pillars of cloud and arrows of fire, great sweeping shadows and floods, and tender gleams of glory between. But

the contrast was still more perfect than even that which exists between the elemental influence in calm and in tempest. Wild and weird and full of majesty is the very first note of that great song, chanted into the air of common day, and startling and charming the listener into sudden interest. Whether or not the poet meant it — and genius does many a thing, as it were, “by chance,” which is really the exquisite skill and cunning — the very form of this poem is an emblem of its meaning and effect. The life of every day is going on daily, the wedding-guests are close to the door of the festal house, when Mystery and Wonder, in the form of the old Mariner, comes suddenly upon them. He selects the one who can hear him with unerring instinct. He holds him fast, notwithstanding all his struggles, and, interrupted continually by the sounds of the other existence going on so near — interrupted by the struggles and remonstrances of the listener — the wild tale proceeds without a break. It is an unconscious allegory, suggested not by any artificial plan, but by that poetic judgment which works by instinct. What the poet himself was in the world, his Mariner is in the poem. Life calls, and pleasure, and even a certain duty; but the power of the invisible has come in, and caught the soul out of the real, out of the palpable. Here are a hundred things not dreamt of in any philosophy; good and evil, cursing and blessings close to, brushing against your commonest strain of existence. In the market-place, at the bridegroom's door, in the midst of your busiest occupations, your social engagements, at a moment's notice the Interpreter may stand before you, and your mind be hurried away to the Unseen. This is the first lesson it bears, unsuspected, unfathomed for the moment; for that sudden revelation perplexes the soul, as the Mariner's story does the wedding-guest. “Wherefore stopp'st thou me? Hold off; unhand me, greybeard loon!” cries the fascinated but unwilling listener. Thus the form of the poem throws its deeper meaning into a bold and simple parable; it discriminates between the shining surface and the depths below, and shows that whatever may be the smiling face of things — the merry minstrelsy sounding out from the hall, or even that glad vision of the bride in her blushes, crossing within sight of us — events strange and wonderful, sad and awful, are going on elsewhere, the powers of good and evil carrying on their everlasting struggle, and a hundred tiny germs of

spiritual power springing into life about us. “*There is more of the invisible than of the visible in the world around us*” — “*plures esse Naturas invisibiles quam visibiles in rerum universitate*,” is the poet's motto; and strangely, splendidly, with a picturesque force of form which equals its wondrous soul of meaning, does he enforce his text. “There was a ship, quoth he.” It is perhaps the most vivid realization ever put into words of that large life of the world which embraces the tiny fragmentary life of the individual. The ship sails in upon the changed scene under the wondering gazer's unwilling eyes. Its shadow comes between him and the board which he knows is spread so near, the procession which he can see passing, shadowy, across those shadowy seas. Which is the real? which the vision? The mind grows giddy, the imagination trembles and wavers. Our senses become confused, unable to identify what we see from what we hear; and finally, triumphantly, the unseen sweeps in and holds possession, more real, more true, more unquestionable than anything that eye can see.

This was what Coleridge meant, when, seated on the breezy hillside, with shadow and sun-gleam pursuing each other over the broad fair country at his feet, there came into his mind the first vision of a poetry which should deal with the supernatural and invisible, “yet so as to transfer from our inward nature a human interest and a semblance of truth sufficient to procure for these shadows of imagination that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment, which constitutes poetic faith.” This was his meaning: but it was, we feel convinced — believing, as we do, that the poet, like the prophet, does half his work unconsciously — a happy accident and no coldly-fashioned plan which made the whole framework of his tale so symbolical, repeating by a divine instinct in flesh and blood the spiritual situation. We might go a step further, and say that there could be few repetitions of that leading idea at once more fortuitous and more touching than the very circumstances under which the wondrous tale had birth — circumstances which have framed in a lovely picture of greenness and summer beauty, indulgent skies and youthful delights, one of the gravest, profoundest, and most lofty utterances of poetry — a song which was “chanted with happy heart,” with pleasant breaks of young laughter and eager discussion, with glad gazings upon sun and shadow, with playful interruption and criticism, out of the

heart of as sad a life as ever enacted itself in tragic pain and darkness before the eyes of man.

And what a tale it is! When the struggle between the actual and the invisible is over and the Mariner is triumphant, what a silence, as of the great deep, falls upon the strain! The sun came up out of the sea and went down into it — grand image of the loneliness, the isolation from all other created things, of that speck upon the noiseless, boundless waters. Throughout the poem this sentiment of isolation is preserved with a magical and most impressive reality — all the action is absolutely shut up within the doomed ship. The storm and the mist and snow, the flitting vision of the albatross, the spectre-ship against the sun-set, the voices of the spirits, all heighten the weird effect of that one human centre, driven before the tyrannous wind, or motionless upon the still more terrible calm. The meaning of all centres in the man who sees and hears, and to whose fate everything refers — our interest in him, our self-identification with him, is never allowed for a moment to waver. All humanity is there, shut up within those rotting bulwarks, beneath those sails so thin and sear. The awful trance of silence in which his being is lost — silence and awe and pain, and a dumb, enduring, unconquerable force — descends upon us, and takes possession of us: no loud bassoon, no festal procession can break the charm of that intense yet passive consciousness. We grow silent with him, "with throat unslaked, with black lips baked" in a sympathy which is the very climax of pleasurable pain. And then what touches of tenderness are those which surprise us in that numbness and trance of awful solitude!

"Oh, happy living things, what tongue
Their beauty might declare!
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware.
Sure my kind saint had pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware."

Or this other, which comes in after the horror of the reanimated bodies, the ghastly crew of dead alive: —

"For when it dawned they dropped their
arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky,
I heard the skylark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sen and air
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute,
And now it is an angel's song,
Which makes the heavens be mute."

When the tale has reached its limit of mystery and emotion, a change ensues; gradually the greater spell is reversed, the spirits depart, the strain softens; with a weird yet gentle progression the ship comes "slowly and smoothly," without a breeze, back to the known and visible. As it approaches a conclusion, ordinary instrumentalities come in once more; there is first the rising of the soft familiar wind, "like a meadow gale in spring" — then the blessed vision of the lighthouse-top, the hill, the kirk, all those well-known realities which gradually loosen the absorbed excitement of the listener, and favour his slow return to ordinary daylight. And then comes the ineffable, half-childish, half-divine simplicity of those soft moralizings at the end, so strangely different from the tenor of the tale, so wonderfully perfecting its visionary strain. After all, the poet seems to say, after this weird excursion into the very deepest awful heart of nature and the seas, here is your child's moral, a tender little half-trivial sentiment, yet profound as the blue depths of heaven —

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

What Coleridge meant by this conclusion it would be hard to tell. It brings our feet back to the common soil with a bewildered sweetness of relief and gentle quiet after the prodigious strain of mental excitement, which is like nothing else we remember in poetry. The effect is one of those which only supreme genius could produce — genius which dares to sink from the highest notes of spiritual music to the absolute simplicity of exhausted nature. Thus we are set down on the soft grass, in a tender bewilderment, out of the clouds. It is over, this visionary voyage — we are back again on the mortal soil from whence we started; but never more, never again, can the visible and invisible have to us the same meaning. For once in our lives, if never before, we have crossed the borders of the unseen.

It was thus that Coleridge carried out his first great poetical theory — the theory suggested to him in some celestial way by the flitting of the shadows and gleams of light over the Somersetshire valleys as seen from the heights of Quantock. There is nothing which the poetic eye more loves to watch than that mystic voiceless rhythm of nature; but never eye yet watched it to such purpose, and never has its still solemnity, its wayward lights, the pathos and splendour of shade and sunshine, been more wonderfully reflected in verse.

We need not pause to remark upon the minor productions of this brief summer of the poet's life. His tragedy of "Remorse" was not a minor production to him, but something much more important than the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" — so wonderfully is ignorance mixed with insight even in the most clear-sighted. He let his great poem go lightly into the doomed volume which critics were to maul and booksellers despise; but it was a great and sore mortification to him that his tragedy was not performed, or even noticed, by the theatrical deities to whom it was submitted. We presume that of the myriads who honour Coleridge now, not one in a thousand knows this same tragedy, or would dream of reading it except under compulsion. Wordsworth's "Borderers," produced about the same time, has shared a similar fate; but at that moment the two young poets thought very magnificently of their tragedies, and trusted in them, though still not unwilling to dispose of them for the invariable sum of thirty guineas each, had the judicious Cottle thought fit — which, wisely, he did not. Wordsworth, however, had his thirty guineas for the "Lyrical Ballads." There is no record that Coleridge had anything at all for the "Ancient Mariner" — perhaps, most likely, it had been paid for and eaten months before, as was the habit of the thriftless poet.

However, the same period which produced the "Ancient Mariner" brought into being at least the first part of the never-completed tale of "Christabel." This wonderful poem has a more distinct character than its predecessor. The first was, as it were, introductory — the uplifting of the veil, the revelation of a vast unseen world, full of struggles and mysteries. The second is the distinct identification of a mystery of evil, an unseen harm and bane, working secretly in the dark places of the earth against white innocence, purity, and truth. The poet does not stop to tell us why this should be. Philo-

sopher as he is to the depth of his soul, he is yet so much more poet as to see that any theory of spiritual hate against the happiness of earth would confuse the unity of his strain, and probably transfer, as it has done in "Paradise Lost," our interest to the despairing demon, whose envy and enmity arise out of that hopeless majesty of wretchedness, great enough to be sublime, which devours his own soul. Coleridge has avoided this danger. He has assigned no cause for the hideous and terrible persecution of which his lovely lady Christabel, symbolical even in name, is the object. The poem is a romance of Christianity, a legend of sainthood. The heroine is not only the lovely but the holy Christabel. For no fault of hers, but rather for her virtues, are the powers of evil raised against her; and one of the most subtle and wonderful touches of truth in the tale is the ignorance of her innocence — her want of any knowledge or experience which can explain to her what the evil is, or how to deal with it. The witch Geraldine has all the foul wisdom of her wickedness to help her — her sorceries, her supernatural knowledge, her spells and cunning. But Christabel has nothing but her purity, and stands defenceless as a lamb, not even knowing where the danger is to come from; exposed at every point in her simplicity, and paralyzed, not instructed, by the first gleam of bewildering acquaintance with evil. Never was there a higher or more beautiful conception. It is finer in its indefiniteness than even the contrast of Una and Duessa — the pure and impure, the false and true of a more elaborate allegory. Spenser, who lived in a more downright age, keeps himself within a narrower circle, and is compelled by his story to direct action; but his very distinctness limits his power. The socreress or lovely demon of Coleridge does not attempt to ruin her victim in such an uncompromising way. What she does is to throw boundless confusion into the gentle soul, to fill its limpid depths with fear and horror, and distrust of all fair appearances, and of itself — a still more appalling doubt; to undermine the secret foundations of all that love and honour in which Christabel's very name is enshrined; and to establish herself a subtle enemy, an antagonist power of evil, at the pure creature's side, turning all her existence into chaos. Una is a foully slandered and innocent maid; but Christabel is a martyr-soul, suffering for her race without knowing it — struggling in a dumb consternation, yet resistance, against the evil that holds her spell-

bound. And all the more pathetic, all the more enthralling, is the picture, that the Christ-maiden is entirely human—too young, too childlike, too simple even to understand the high mission which has dropped upon her from the skies. She knows nothing, neither her own wonderful position—a sight for angels to watch—nor all that depends upon her steadfast adherence to her white banner of religious faith and purity; but her antagonist knows everything, and has an armoury of subtle perilous weapons at her disposal. “Jesu, Maria, shield her well!” for she is at fearful odds.

And once again, the poet fits all his accessories, all his scenery, into accordance with the soul of his meaning. The clock strikes in the middle of the night, a mysterious life in the stillness. The owls awake the crowing cock; the mastiff bays in answer to the chimes. There is nothing audible except this thrill of unrest among the dumb creatures, who are bound from all human communication by chains of nature. Why do they stir and make a movement in the silence? because the very air is full of harm unseen. They are aware of evil approaching with that subtle sense of supernatural danger which the lower creatures (so called) possess in a higher degree than ourselves. The very “thin grey cloud,” which covers but does not hide the sky; the moon, which though at the full, looks “both small and dull,”—betray the same consciousness. All creation feels it with a pang of suppressed fear and pain, unable to warn or aid the only being who is unconscious, the innocent and fearless sufferer. All but she have an instinctive knowledge of her election to endure for them, to stand their spiritual representative in the mysterious conflict. And the dumb inexpressible support of the material world—which in some silent awful way is affected, we know not how, by every struggle for the mastery between good and evil—is with her; and the minstrel’s instinctive adherence, and the listener’s confused and aching sympathy—these and no more. Such is the picture the poet sets before us, painting the scene, the struggle, and the beautiful fated creature who is the centre of the whole, with such a tender and exquisite touch, and with such mysterious reality, that we catch our very breath as we gaze. Christabel is no allegorical martyr, and yet she is something other than a bewitched maiden. The very world seems to hang with a suspense beyond words upon the issue of her fiery trial.

And the very vagueness of the horror helps its supreme effect. Had we known what the fatal mark was which she saw on Geraldine’s side, half our consternation and dismay would have been dissipated. And then, too, the incompleteness of the tale, that broken thread of story which has tantalized so many readers, increases the power of the poem. Completion could scarcely have failed to lessen its reality, for the reader could not have endured, neither could the poet’s own theory have endured, the sacrifice of Christabel, the triumph of evil over good; and had she triumphed, there is a vulgar wellbeing in victory which has nothing to do with such a strain. It was indolence, no doubt, that left the tale half told—indolence and misery—and a poetic instinct higher than all the better impulses of industry and virtuous gain. The subject by its very nature was incomplete; it had to be left, a lovely, weird suggestion—a vision for every eye that could see.

We have said nothing of the poetry itself in which this vision is clothed, for language and music are both subservient to the noble conception of the poem. And perhaps it is unnecessary to quote what everybody knows or ought to know; but was there ever any ideal picture more exquisite and delicate than this opening scene, which presents the holy maiden to us in her saintly unconsciousness, before thought of evil has come near her? With what sweet trust and fearless gentle freedom she accosts her supernatural enemy!

“She stole along, she nothing spoke,
The sighs she heaved were soft and low;
And nought was grown upon the oak
But moss and rarest mistletoe;
She kneels beside the huge oak-tree,
And in silence prayeth she.

The lady springs up suddenly,
The lovely lady Christabel!
It moaned as near as near can be,
But what it is she cannot tell;
On the other side, it seems to be,
Of the huge, broad-breasted old oak-tree.

The night is chill, the forest bare:
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?
There is not wind enough in the air
To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady’s cheek;
There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up to the sky.

Hush, beating heart of Christabel!
 Jesu, Maria, shield her well!
 She folded her arms beneath her cloak,
 And stole to the other side of the oak.

What sees she there?
 There she sees a damsel bright,
 Drest in a silken robe of white,
 That shadowy in the moonlight shone:
 The neck that made that white robe wan,
 Her stately neck and arms were bare;
 Her blue-veined feet unsandalled were;
 And wildly glittered here and there
 The gems entangled in her hair.
 I guess 'twas frightful there to see
 A lady so richly clad as she,
 Beautiful exceedingly.

Mary, mother, save me now!
 (Said Christabel.) And who art thou?
 The lady strange made answer meet,
 And her voice was faint and sweet:
 Have pity on my sore distress,
 I scarce can speak for weariness.
 Stretch forth thy hand and have no fear,
 Said Christabel; how cam'st thou here?"

But when the fatal charm is upon her —
 when her very consciousness of right in
 herself is disturbed, and her faith shaken,
 even in the duties and kindnesses of life —
 how piteous is the change! The full
 measure of pain would not be filled up
 without the cloud of suspicion on her
 father's face, his pained wonder at her, and
 her still more agonized doubt of her-
 self: —

"Geraldine, in maiden wise,
 Casting down her large bright eyes,
 With blushing cheek and courtesy fine
 She turned her from Sir Leoline;
 Softly gathering up her train,
 That o'er her right arm fell again,
 And folded her arms across her chest,
 And couched her head upon her breast,
 And looked askance at Christabel —
 Jesu, Maria, shield her well!

A snake's small eye blinks dull and shy.
 And the lady's eyes they shrunk in her head,
 Each shrunk up to a serpent's eye,
 And with somewhat of malice and more of
 dread,

At Christabel she looked askance!
 One moment — and the sight was fled;
 But Christabel, in dizzy trance,
 Stumbling on the unsteady ground,
 Shuddered aloud with a hissing sound;
 And Geraldine again turned round,
 And like a thing that sought relief,
 Full of wonder and full of grief,
 She rolled her large bright eyes divine
 Wildly on Sir Leoline.

The maid, alas! her thoughts are gone.
 She nothing sees, no sight but one,
 The maid devoid of guile and sin,

I know not how in fearful wise,
 So deeply had she drunken in
 That look, those shrunken serpent eyes,
 That all her features were resigned
 To this sole image in her mind;
 And passively did imitate
 That look of dull and treacherous hate!
 And thus she stood in dizzy trance,
 Still picturing that look askance
 With forced, unconscious sympathy,
 Full before her father's view —
 As far as such a look could be
 In eyes so innocent and blue!
 And when the trance was o'er the maid
 Paused awhile, and inly prayed,
 Then falling at the Baron's feet —
 'By my mother's soul do I entreat
 That thou this woman send away!' —
 She said, and more she could not say,
 For what she knew she could not tell,
 O'ermastered by the mighty spell.

Why is thy cheek so wan and wild,
 Sir Leoline? Thy only child
 Lies at thy feet, thy joy, thy pride,
 So fair, so innocent, so mild,
 The same for whom thy lady died!
 Oh, by the pangs of her dear mother,
 Think thou no evil of thy child;
 For her and thee and for no other
 She prayed the moment ere she died:
 Prayed that the babe for whom she died,
 Might prove her dear lord's joy and pride!
 That prayer her deadly pangs beguiled, Sir
 Leoline!
 And wouldst thou wrong thy only child,
 Her child and thine?

Within the Baron's heart and brain,
 If thoughts like these had any share,
 They only swelled his rage and pain,
 And did but work confusion there.
 His heart was cleft with pain and rage,
 His cheeks they quivered, his eyes were wild,
 Dishonoured thus in his old age;
 Dishonoured by his only child,
 And all his hospitality
 To the wronged daughter of his friend:
 By more than woman's jealousy
 Brought thus to a disgraceful end.

And turning from his own sweet maid,
 The aged knight, Sir Leoline,
 Led forth the lady Geraldine."

We are tempted to but one quotation
 more, which sums up the entire *motif* of
 the strain, and with its heavenly confi-
 dence of victory in the end, gives a
 certain relief to the mystery and the hor-
 ror.

"It was a lovely sight to see
 The lady Christabel, when she
 Was praying at the old oak-tree,
 Amid the jagged shadows
 Of mossy leafless boughs,

Kneeling in the moonlight,
To make her gentle vows;
Her slender palms together prest,
Heaving sometimes on her breast;
Her face resigned to bliss or bale —
Her face, oh call it fair, not pale —
And both blue eyes more bright than clear,
Each about to have a tear.

With open eyes (ah, woe is me!)
Asleep and dreaming fearfully —
Fearfully dreaming, yet I wis,
Dreaming that alone, which is —
O sorrow and shame! Can this be she,
The lady, who knelt at the old oak-tree?
And lo! the worker of these harms,
That holds the maiden in her arms,
Seems to slumber still and mild,
As a mother with her child.

A star hath set, a star hath risen,
O Geraldine! since arms of thine
Have been the lovely lady's prison.
O Geraldine! one hour was thine —
Thou'st had thy will! By tairn and rill,
The night-birds all that hour were still.
But now they are jubilant anew,
From cliff and tower, tu — whoo! tu — whoo!
Tu — whoo! tu — whoo! from wood and fell!
And see! the lady Christabel
Gathers herself from out her trance;
Her limbs relax, her countenance
Grows sad and soft; the smooth thin lids
Close o'er her eyes; and tears she sheds —
Large tears that leave the lashes bright!
And oft the while she seems to smile
As infants at a sudden light!
Yea, she doth smile, and she doth weep,
Like a youthful hermitess,
Beauteous in a wilderness,
Who, praying always, prays in sleep.
And, if she move unequally,
Perchance, 'tis but the blood so free,
Comes back and tingles in her feet.
No doubt, she hath a vision sweet.
What if her guardian spirit 'twere?
What if she knew her mother near?
But this she knows, in joys and woes,
That saints will aid if men will call:
For the blue eky bends over all!"

Such is the unfinished and unfinishable tale of Christabel — a poem which, despite its broken notes and over-brevity, has raised its author to the highest rank of poets, and which in itself is at once one of the sweetest, loftiest, most spiritual utterances that has ever been framed in English words. We know of no existing poem in any language to which we can compare it. It stands by itself, exquisite, celestial, ethereal — a song of the spheres — yet full of such pathos and tenderness and sorrowful beauty as only humanity can give.

It is difficult to make out from the confused and chaotic record of Coleridge's

life when the poem called indifferently "The Dark Ladie," "Genevieve," and "Love" — the latter being the name by which it is known in all the existing editions of his works — was completed; but its beginning at least belongs to this beautiful and overflowing summer of his life. "To all those who are imaginative in their happiness," says Professor Wilson, "to whom delight cannot be delusive — where in poetry is there such another lay of love as 'Genevieve'?" For our own part, we are afraid to say all that we think of its perfection, lest our words should seem inflated and unreal. The very first verse transports us into a world such as exists only in a lover's dream; but as all exalted visions are true to the higher possibilities of human feeling, so is this true to the elevation, the purity, the visionary beatitude of that one chapter in life which affects us most profoundly, and moves the soul to the most exquisite sense of happiness.

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of love,
And feed its holy flame."

Every word in these four lines breathes across the heart even in its age and stillness like a breeze from the old rose-gardens, the primrose-paths, the violet-banks of youth. With what a magic touch is everything that is of the earth and earthy eliminated from the "holy flame!" Pure as Christabel herself, and as fearless in her innocence, is Genevieve. How bright, how sweet, how tender is this briefest, most perfect picture of maidenhood! having "few sorrows of her own," loving to hear "the tales that make her grieve," following the wondrous ditty with all the natural ebb and flow of emotion, herself a harp giving forth low symphonies of perfect response to all the witching influences around her, all the "impulses of soul and sense," "the music and the doleful tale, the rich and balmy eve" — every word is music, every thought imbued with a chastened and purified passion. For it is not passion caught at the moment of its outburst, but softly, adoringly dwelt upon when that climax is past. In the after-glow of delicious reflection, the love itself is lovely to the lover as well as the object of his love. He looks back upon that supreme moment with an exquisite still delight, more calm and as beautiful as were the

"Hopes, and fears that kindle hopes,
An undistinguishable throng,

And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long,"

with which he looked forward to it. There is the faintest touch of sadness indeed in that this crown of existence *has been*; but it is so near and present still, that the very sadness is but an additional element in the perfection of the joy. It is a wonderful instance of the poet's power over us and of the atmosphere and charmed circle in which he has placed us, that the curious construction, the tale within a tale, of this poem does not impair our interest or loosen the spell upon us. The contrast of "the cruel scorn which crazed that bold and lovely knight," does not somehow (though by all rules of poetic art it should) distract us from the sweeter strain which floods the "doleful tale" about, and runs across its very current. Even the wonderful glance aside into the mysterious yet familiar regions of the unseen —

"There came and looked him in the face,
An angel beautiful and bright,
And how he knew it was a Fiend,
That miserable knight!"

appears to the reader, in the state of exaltation which the poet has wrought him into, but an additional glory. For is not everything that tended to bring about that hour of life's purest triumph to be remembered and glorified for ever — "the statue of the armed man," the tale of the rejected knight — everything that had to do with it? They are all written on the lover's memory, a portion of the "thoughts" and "delights" which "feed love's holy flame." And in the mystic tale itself there is all the mysterious anguish of baffled love to contrast with the love that is satisfied and victorious. The craze of melancholy passion, the penitence too late of the scornful lady, throws into sweetest relief that harmony of love responsive which is breathing from the minstrel's harp, and from the maiden's "flitting blush," her "downcast eyes and modest grace." Thus, beyond rule and in spite of art, by sheer inspiration and natural divinity, this twisted and tangled strain, with its two stories, comes out perfect from the poet's hands, a golden gossamer web of loveliest completeness, jewelled and shining all over with the diamonds of sunshine and dew.

On these three poems we are well content to rest Coleridge's fame. Many other beautiful verses and tender apparitions, seen as with "the half-shut eye," are to be found among his works. But every-

thing else is of secondary excellence, while these are of the highest. As we have said, there is perhaps no poet in the language whose fame rests on a material foundation so limited; while there is not one (the great Master of English song alone but always excepted) who stands on a higher elevation; and in his own sphere he is unapproachable. He is the lord of that mystic region which lies between heaven and earth. Its wild spiritual forces, its weird dangers and delights — the primal struggle between light and darkness, order and chaos — the everlasting warfare between the spirits of earth and hell and that feeble and ignorant humanity which yet is panoplied and sheathed in invulnerable defences by the protection and inspiration of God — are familiar to him as the air he breathes; these are his themes, the burden of his lofty, historic, prophetic song — and in this wondrous sphere he is at once supreme and alone.

It is not for us here and now to enter upon any discussion of the fatal mists in which so much of Coleridge's after-life was lost. He was but twenty-five when this splendid climax of poetry burst forth a glory around his path. It is like the sudden gleam of ineffable sunshine before a storm. For a moment the whole wide country is visible, with its lovely woodland ways, its cottages and roses, as well as its high mountain-sides, and the ominous masses of cloud that gather on its horizon. And then the light departs, the clouds rush together, and through the gloom there are but sounds of rending and thundering, and lightning arrows of distorting light. So completely and so suddenly is the poet lost to us in the gloom and conflict of powers infernal. We turn with a sick heart from the miserable discussion whether he had recourse to opium to soothe his bodily pain, or whether his ill-health was produced by that fatal indulgence. That his friends should have laboured to prove the one thing is very natural; and perhaps it is not unnatural that the friends who had to bear so many of his burdens should have been so far mastered by that moral indignation which so often accompanies a long course of benefits, as to consider it worth their while to assert the other. Nothing, however, could be more painful than the whole controversy; and while the mind refuses to sympathize with a man who abandoned to a great degree his natural duties, the heart cannot but mourn over the beautiful and splendid life, so full of all tender sympathies and susceptibilities, which thus sank and was

lost so near its beginning. The time may yet come, and we hope will come, when some competent hand shall unfold that life itself, fully and truly, with all its misery and forlorn grandeur—a very epic of tragic defeat—and that fight of despair which is as common to humanity, and, Heaven knows, might well be of more enthralling interest than the conflict which ends in crowns of laurel and hymns of praise. We cannot but think that in itself this despairing struggle, in which evil conquers everything but the consent of the soul, is a subject as pathetic and instructive as it is terrible. But humanity shrinks from the acknowledgment of defeat; and it is hard for flesh and blood to allow that a father, a friend, a relative, has occupied so sad a position, and has been vanquished in the battle.

After this poetical climax of his existence which we have just described, Coleridge went abroad, by the kind assistance of his friends the Wedgewoods; and for years after led a desultory and troubled life, chiefly dependent upon the kindness of others—living now here, now there, fighting in mystery and darkness his private and ever unsuccessful battle. The floods of divine philosophy which poured from him amid all his wanderings and distresses—the fascination which he exercised upon all who approached him—the wisdom and beauty and power of his teaching, with its intermixture of mystic weakness—are not for us to record. In all this he was still a poet; and those who sat at his feet and listened to the half-inspired monologue which only the

necessities of human weakness ever really seem to have interrupted, were under the dominion as much of the improvisatore as of the philosopher. But still the strain had altered—his garland and singing-ropes had been put aside; and he who chanted “with happy heart” on the sunny heights of Quantock, had suffered many changes ere he became the inmate of the invalid chamber at Highgate. It is most touching to remember that he went there, putting himself under voluntary restraint, in order to overcome the fatal habit which had enslaved him. Upon that last sphere, however, with its peacefulness tinged by melancholy, its conflict softened down by calming influences of age and care, we will not attempt to enter. He died there, so far as is apparent, at peace with all, mourned by the children to whom he had fulfilled few of the duties of a father, and defended in his grave by the relatives who had done little to aid his life. The Sara of his youth, whatever had been her wrongs, uttered no word of complaint before the world; and a second Sara, beautiful and gifted as became the child of a poet, appeared out of the privacy of life only to hold up a shield of love and reverence over her father's name. Thus, let us thank Heaven, after his many sins and censures, he received as a man better than he deserved at least from the relents of natural love. But as a poet it would be difficult to allot him more than he deserves. No English minstrel has ever merited a higher or more perfect place among the thrones of our poetic heaven.

In a very important paper on the “Estimation of Antimony,” published in the *Chemical News*, Hugo Tamm calls the attention of chemists to a new phenomenon which the author describes under the name of “Hygraffinity.” This phenomenon was discovered in a peculiar compound of antimony—bigallate of antimony. This compound is totally insoluble in water, and yet it possesses a powerful affinity for moisture, which it absorbs rapidly from the air after being dried at the temperature of 100° Cent. Most powders and precipitates, as it is well known, dried at that temperature, absorb moisture on exposure to the atmosphere, but this is a purely physical phenomenon due to porosity. On the contrary, in the case of gallate of antimony, chemical affinity is at work, and this precipitate, after exposure to the air for two or three hours, actually absorbs two equivalents

of water. In a word, this insoluble substance has as much affinity for moisture as deliquescent salts. But one of the most curious features in connection with this extraordinary phenomenon is that on being dried at 100° Cent., bigallate of antimony loses the two equivalents of water which it had absorbed from the air, and that on being left exposed once more to the atmosphere, it reabsorbs the same amount of moisture. This interesting experiment may be repeated indefinitely.

In Madras, 50*l.* is this year voted for deporting monkeys from the city, and 2,000*l.* for deporting European loafers, another growing nuisance. Athenæum.

CHAPTER LXIV.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

PATIENCE COPPOCK stood looking after him. All decision had left her face; her passion had gained such mastery, that it swayed her out of any set purpose.

"Money, money; yes, money is the salve for everything, isn't it? he offered me money that time in London. No, Maurice, no money shall buy my revenge now."

She stood there, white and trembling.

After a little she grew quiet; she went back into that part of the court-yard appropriated to the rougher vehicles—a kind of open shed. She was out of sight here, and thought came back with the freedom from restraint.

"I'm glad he didn't listen. I'll be calm next time I tell that story. I'll tell it in Park Lane, too, when there are others by to hear—Mrs. Winchester and plenty more, and I'll have old Roger by, that I will. I believe he'd do that much, to punish Patty when he finds it was her doing that took Mr. Whitmore away from his wife—and it was; I've listened and listened, and I'm sure of it; and she did it first from spite, for it's plain he don't care for her. No, I'll have my way; she shan't have everything, and me nothing."

She had spoken almost the same words at the news of Patty's marriage; but then, they had been sorrowfully spoken; she said them now with hatred marked on her face.

Hatred had grown silently, until every thought had become subservient to the one resolve of revenging all her wrongs on Patty. Miss Coppock had watched quietly all through the journey for some pretext which would give her a right to speak to Mr. Downes, and now she had found it.

"I have ruined myself!"—The despair in her voice seemed exaggerated. "I am thrown on the world again, and I've done her no harm. As to going away from her, it's like leaving hell; but for him to have sneered at me—and oh! it was worse than sneering." She hid her face in her hands; the disgust and dislike she had seen in Mr. Downes's face burned in her brain.

A man in a blouse came up to where she was standing; he looked curiously at her.

Patience recovered herself at once.

The luggage still stood in the court-yard.

"I want you to bring this trunk to the

railway station," she said. "Come as fast as you can." She went out through the grey-arched entrance of the court-yard.

The man scratched his head, but he did not touch the trunk.

"Dame, what extraordinary people are these English! see this one, she arrive, and she depart and all in half-an-hour; she is, perhaps, crazy."

He resolved to await further orders before he followed this very extraordinary Englishwoman.

Patience walked fast along the narrow street; she had no eyes for the quaint town with its Middle-age palaces of the wealthy burghers of Bourges. The rapid movement with which she walked brought back all her passion.

"I wish I had struck her when she talked about my wages. She hasn't got the natural feelings of a woman; she's a smiling, sneering devil; she said her husband wouldn't listen, whatever I might say, and she was right. What a fool he is to love her! Well, he'll suffer for it by-and-by."

Again a torrent of rage and despair swept over her; she had suffered all this defeat and bitter mortification to leave Bourges in disgrace, and Patty victorious.

She soon reached the station. She asked for a train for Paris; but she heard that there would not be one for two hours. A train from Paris was due, and, as she stood on the platform blind to all that passed round her, it rolled slowly up amid the vociferations of the porters.

The noise roused Patience. Mechanically she watched the passengers alight; some of them were trying to gain information from the guard, as he passed rapidly along the line of carriages.

Miss Coppock started at the sound of an English voice.

"Is there no cross road from here to Clermont?"

Miss Coppock turned round—it was Nuna Whitmore; she was still in the railway carriage, but she got out hastily when she recognized Patience. It seemed to her that she had found Paul, and that all her anxiety was over.

"My husband is here with you—is he not?"

Patience did not answer; here was her opportunity, her revenge need not be deferred; Nuna was just as good a witness as Roger Westropp, Mr. Downes must listen to Mrs. Whitmore.

"Is that all your luggage, Mrs. Whitmore?"—she pointed at the bag which

Nuna had dragged out of the carriage. Nuna nodded.

"But is my husband here?" she repeated —

"Come along."

The firm tone reassured Nuna; habit helped the disorder of Miss Coppock's wits, she called a voiture, placed Nuna and her bag within it, and then she seated herself beside Mrs. Whitmore, and told the man to drive to the Croix d'Or.

"Is my husband there? — why don't you answer?"

She put her hand on Patience's arm and looked earnestly in the troubled face.

"No; but you will hear all about him from Mr. Downes; he is not likely to be still at Clermont, but you will be sure to find him."

This came in answer to the sudden sadness in the large dark eyes fixed so wistfully on her face.

Nuna's heart sank — like lead in water.

"I don't understand; I thought you would be all together; how was it you came to the station to meet me? did you know I was coming? who told you to come?"

Patience had grown quiet; she was thinking how she could best make use of this strange chance; she smiled.

"I'll tell you that another time; I want to say several things to you before we get to the inn."

Spite of the confusion in her brain, Miss Coppock was too wary, too much controlled by the pure truthful face that looked so trustingly into hers, to tell Nuna at once the purpose for which she had interrupted her journey; she went off into a rambling narrative of Patty's conduct with Lord Charles Seton, and the deceit she had practised on Mr. Downes. Nuna begged her to keep silence.

"I can't listen to you if you talk in this way."

"You're mighty merciful!" — they had just rattled into the inn court-yard, — "yet I don't think *you've* much to thank Mrs. Downes for, somehow."

Nuna shuddered, and shrank from the bitterness with which she spoke; where was Paul? she asked herself, and how was her journey going to end?

CHAPTER LXV.

A HARD FIGHT.

PATTY knew that her husband would come to her when Patience left him; she knew, too, that she must have a hard battle

to retain her hold on his love; but even then her self-reliance did not desert her. She saw Mr. Downes leave Patience abruptly, she thought angrily; and the terror which had mastered her vanished. Surely she was a match for Maurice. She smoothed the frown on her forehead, and went up to the looking-glass. She soon removed the look of fatigue from her hair and complexion, and then she gazed earnestly at the reflection of her fair face.

"Who can look at Patience, and then at me, and doubt which of us speaks the truth?" There was triumph in her voice; but still she was not quite at ease. Patience had been gone some time. Why did not Maurice come upstairs?

"The thing I have got to guard against is fear," Patty said, thoughtfully. "It hasn't often come to me in my life, but when it has I know I am the worst of cowards. If I go giving way to it, and pretending to be fond of Maurice and so on, he'll suspect directly, and then he'll never believe me again. I must be the injured person. I shan't forget that time when he told me he'd written to an artist of the name of Whitmore to paint my picture. Maurice looked quite puzzled at the fright I was in."

At last she heard steps coming slowly along the gallery.

"Now for it!" An uncontrollable spasm passed over her, and then she was outwardly calm. She sat down on the sofa just opposite the door.

Mr. Downes came in; he thought he was quite composed outwardly; but Patty saw that his face twitched.

"Elinor!" she made room for him beside her, but he stood erect; "perhaps you saw who was talking to me just now in the court-yard? I may as well say at once that you have chosen a most unfortunate time to quarrel with your companion. I don't say you are altogether to blame, for she certainly is a most violent woman; but I cannot imagine what has occurred to cause such a disturbance."

He had looked sternly at his wife as he began, but he seemed unable to sustain the frank, fearless glance of her blue eyes; but Patty trembled, spite of her unconscious looks. Maurice would not speak in that stern voice, with his eyes on the ground, if he had not something much more unpleasant still to say.

Her knees began to shake as she sat.

"If I don't do something desperate it's all over with me." She threw back her head with the old saucy toss.

"Well I don't know, Maurice. I had

been thinking, while I looked out of window and saw how long you listened to Miss Coppock, that I had cause for complaint."

"I don't understand you, Elinor;" he looked at her in evident surprise.

"I don't see how you can understand till you know what has happened." Patty looked indignant—"that woman was very insolent just now, and I gave her her discharge. When she left me, she said she would have her revenge. As to quarrelling with her, really Maurice if you knew all I've had to bear, you would be quite vexed with me for submitting so long to her ill-temper." Her husband had given her her cue when he spoke of Patience's violence—"she said she could make Mr. Downes believe what she liked, and she muttered something that a woman who had no relatives to vouch for her might find it hard to contradict what was said: she did indeed, Maurice"—her husband was looking at her steadily now, and she affected to think he was taking Miss Coppock's part—"surely when a woman hints in that dreadful way, and then goes and talks privately to you for ever so long, I may feel hurt and shocked to see you listening. I shall be very glad to know what she really has been telling you."

She had talked tears into her eyes: she wiped them away as if she scorned to show them.

"If you watched me, Elinor, I'm sure you must have seen I listened against my will, and that I was very much displeased: certainly I will tell you; I never have kept anything from you, and I will be quite frank now. Miss Coppock spoke of a note from Lord Charles Seton to you."

Patty's eyes drooped, spite of her efforts.

"I'm ready to own to you," she said, "that I was very much annoyed about that note. I knew nothing about it till I found Miss Coppock reading it this morning before she started. I sent it back to Lord Charles at once; I thought it would be the best way to stop such boyish folly; but, Maurice, I meant to tell you this myself; surely there was no need for me to confess to Miss Coppock when she took upon herself to accuse me of all sorts of things. I dare say I was impulsive and foolish—I know I felt very angry, but the woman disgusted me by her low suspicions; you can't think what dreadful things she said, and I told her she must go. Her conduct grew outrageous then, such falsehoods I never listened to—"

Mr. Downes' face had cleared, but he looked uneasy still.

"Do you care to hear what else she said?" and as he looked at his wife, Miss Coppock's words seemed so wild and improbable that he felt ashamed to repeat them.

Patty put her hand on his arm.

"I dare say you think, Maurice, because I've none of the wheedling ways of some women about me, that I don't care for you. I never can show my feelings. Why, when I saw that woman with you—strong as I felt in my own innocence—I trembled, yes indeed, I did tremble after her threats. Who have I to stand up for me in the world but you? There's the French schoolmistress, of course, and my foster-father; but now old Mr. Parking is dead, I have no one creditable witness to bring forward. Ah, Maurice, I little thought I should ever want justifying to you."

Her eyes were dry now, but she clasped her hands in mute appeal, and it seemed to her husband there was an unutterable sweetness in those soft heavy-lidded eyes.

He hesitated between his wish to believe his wife and a haunting memory of Miss Coppock's words. He had stood before Patty all this while—now he left her, and walked to the window.

A voiture was driving into the courtyard of the Croix d'Or; but Mr. Downes had not remarked it till one of its occupants stepped on to the round paving-stones of the yard. It was Miss Coppock.

Mr. Downes started back. "Here again!" he said, and a cold chill of unbelief came over him.

Patty was beside him instantly. She looked down into the court-yard, and her eyes met those of Patience.

Mrs. Downes saw a determination fully equal to her own—and then she saw Nuna.

"Maurice!" she grasped his arm so convulsively that he looked at her in alarm—"keep that woman Patience away from me; I can't tell you how I feel now that I know she has tried to poison you against me. Let her say what she will, falsehood can harm no one, only keep her away from me; you don't know who she has brought with her; that's Mr. Whitmore's dear little wife—bring her to me, dear, at once; I have a message to her from her husband."

Mr. Downes was appeased.

Patty could not have appealed more effectually to her husband. His wife's manner towards the artist had often annoyed him at the outset of the journey; it was like a revelation to guess now that those long talks had been about Mr. Whit-

more's wife—a wife too, who from the glimpses he had caught of her, seemed attractive enough for any husband.

He kissed Patty.

"I'll keep Miss Coppock away, and send Mrs. Whitmore to you here."

CHAPTER LXVI

"ONLY AN OLD LOVE-LETTER."

MR. DOWNES met Nuna on the stairs, "I believe you are Mrs. Whitmore. My wife has a message to you from your husband."

Nuna forgot Patty's letter, her conduct and all. She almost ran along the gallery till she reached the door to which Mr. Downes pointed.

Patty meantime had a sharp, brief struggle. She had seen this trial far off, and now it had really come.

"I can't dare them both," she said, "I'm too hemmed in. I'd rather die than knock under to Patience; surely I can coax this weak, simple girl to stand by me if I only show her she needn't be jealous. She is a lady, simpleton as she is."

Nuna went straight up to Patty, her eyes full of question.

"You have a message for me from my husband. Do you know where he is?"

For just an instant the selfish heart stirred with pity, and then, self swept away every feeling but intense desire for help. She looked at Nuna with keen, searching eyes.

"Mr. Downes misunderstood me. I have something to say about your husband, but I can only guess where he is. We will help you to find him, you may be sure we will, but I want you to help me first, Mrs. Whitmore."

A look of pitiful distress came into Nuna's face; it seemed as if she must break down; but she strove hard not to yield up her courage.

"First," said Patty, and a bright flush of real shame tinged her cheeks, "I can tell you what no one else can. You may quite trust your husband. I have tried him on this journey, and I don't believe a man would have been so indifferent if he had not dearly loved his wife."

She was forced to droop her eyes under Nuna's indignant glance.

"You're annoyed; well, you don't understand me; you don't seem to see how much it costs a vain woman like me to own that she can't charm a man who did admire her once."

Again Nuna's face warned her.

"What I want to know is whether you

will forgive me for trying to make your husband flirt, or whether you mean to bear me a grudge for it?"

Nuna's resentment faded; it seemed to her that only Patty Westropp could so speak, and she excused her, she held out her hand, and Patty kept it in a soft warm clasp.

"Thank you, I'm in great, dreadful trouble, and only you can help me. Hush! what's that?" Such a change came in her face that Nuna was startled. The lovely colour faded. Patty grew whiter every moment, her lips were trembling, and her eyes had a scared terror in them.

"Sit down," said Nuna; she thought Mrs. Downes would faint where she stood.

"No," Patty shook her head. "Don't be frightened, I haven't got feeling enough to faint." She laughed at the look of distress in Nuna's face. "You needn't be sorry for me, either. I don't want pity, I hate it, and I'm sure women get along much easier if they haven't too much heart. I dare say you suffer for everyone's troubles as much as for your own. Well, I don't want you to be sorry for me, only help me. I don't profess to care for any one except myself. I know that woman Patience has been telling you all sorts of lies. Do you know why she brought you here?" she looked keenly into the agitated face before her. "No, of course you don't, you only came to see your husband." There was a touch of scorn in her voice, for Nuna's unconsciousness. "Miss Coppock brought you here to tell Mr. Downes all about me. She wants him to know I was Patty Westropp, her apprentice, a village girl at Ashton, everything—I saw it in her face just now. Mrs. Whitmore," Patty's voice grew passionate, "when you've worn out a gown you throw it aside don't you, you don't keep it by you for ever? That's what I've done. I've done with the old life, why should I tease my husband with it? You'll stand by me, won't you? you'll keep silent about your knowledge of me, you will I know, I'm sure you will."

Patty had meant to speak quite differently, to be calm and reasonable, and to treat of this as a mere matter of worldly wisdom; but nervous terror and excitement conquered, she took Nuna's hand in both hers, and pressed it, while her face was full of convulsive agitation.

"I can't tell a falsehood," Nuna spoke hesitatingly, and Patty's courage rose. It seemed to her, her strong will must conquer this timid, irresolute nature.

"I've not told you all yet. My hus-

band's a proud man, he thinks low birth and vulgarity as bad as murder and stealing. He thinks I have always been Miss Latimer, a gentleman's child, brought up abroad. If he finds out he has been deceived he'll never forgive me, he'll cast me off. Look here, Mrs. Whitmore," she went on, vehemently, "I'm not a good woman like you, I find no comfort in church and prayers as you do; if my husband casts me off I can't be left alone in the world, I must go to some one else; I can't live without society and amusement, I must be worshipped in one way or another."

"Oh, hush! pray don't think of anything so dreadful."

Nuna laid her hand on Patty's arm, but Patty broke from her passionately.

"It's all very well for you to call it dreadful, but if I do it, remember you will have driven me to it, Nuna Beaufort—yes, you only, you are driving me to shame and destruction, and you're doing it to revenge yourself on me because you think I tried to steal your husband's love from you, and you set up for being good and religious! If I had got him away from you you would have had more right; but when I tell you I failed, what's all your goodness worth? You are as bad as I am after all."

She stopped, exhausted, panting, her words had poured out so rapidly that Nuna could not have been heard if she had spoken.

"Don't talk so madly, I will do anything I can to help you, indeed I will." There was a loving earnestness in her voice, which reached even through the passionate tumult that distracted Patty. "but, Mrs. Downes, you can help yourself best of all; there is only one thing for you to do"—Patty's eyes filled in an instant with despairing hope—"tell the truth; go to your husband, tell him your whole story, and ask him to forgive your deceit. I'm sure he loves you very dearly, and he will forgive you. Love will forgive everything." She looked pleadingly at Patty. A dark sullen look came over the beautiful face.

"You say that because you love and you could forgive, if I could love my husband I might have a chance of his forgiving me. But I don't love him—I can't, I can't; I almost despise him. Could you be forgiven by a man you despise—a man who you feel you can do as you like with? I can only love what I fear: I can't be forgiven—taken into favour like a disgraced servant—by a man I've no respect

for. Why, I should be watched at every turn, and never believed again. I know my husband—he would be ashamed of me for the rest of his life: and just because he'd never have had the wit to find it out for himself, once he knows it, he'll be finding out lowness and vulgar ways in all I do and all I say. I'd rather hang myself up to that pole, Mrs. Whitmore,"—she pointed to the bed—"than live with him on those terms. No, it's your doing now. Take your choice: I won't speak again till you've made it—whether I'm to go on Mrs. Downes to the end, or whether I'm to go off in an hour's time with some one else."

Nuna stood shocked and silent. Her shrinking from Patty was stronger than ever, and yet a spring of loving compassion was rising up in her heart for this wretched despairing woman.

Patty's eyes were devouring in their impatient expression, but Nuna still stood silent.

"If your husband questions me I must tell the truth," she said at last; "but surely I need not see Mr. Downes again. I tell you that your only chance for real happiness lies in openness to him. Oh, Mrs. Downes, what is it: just a little pain and humiliation soon over, and all that painful, shameful load of concealment gone for ever. Why,"—her large dark eyes grew so earnest that Patty quailed before them—"you can't die deceiving your husband. You could not—you must tell him: then why not give yourself happiness now? Ah, you don't know what happiness it is to love your husband! it is much happier to love than to be loved oneself." She had got Patty's hand in both her own.

Mr. Downes came in abruptly: he heard Nuna's last words, and he looked at her: he glanced on to his wife, but she drooped her head, sullenly silent.

"Mrs. Whitmore"—there was more sorrow than anger in his voice—"did you ever know Mrs. Downes as a girl called Patty Westropp?"

Neither of them saw Patty as she stood blanched, shaking with terror. Nuna looked frankly at Mr. Downes.

"If I did, what of it? I knew no harm of her—nothing that a man need be ashamed of in his wife: and how hard she must have striven to fit herself to be your wife. I am sure she is bitterly sorry for having kept her name from you: the concealment has brought its own punishment. Oh, Mr. Downes, we all make great mistakes in our lives: tell her you forgive

her." There was almost a fervour of earnestness in Nuna's voice. She turned again to Patty, put her arm round her, and kissed her.

But Patty stood sullen, regardless of either Nuna or her husband.

Mr. Downes did not answer: he had kept stern and still while Nuna spoke: now he walked up and down the room with his hands behind him, his eyes bent on the ground. The silence was unbroken: the two women stood still while he walked up and down: Nuna wondered what would be the end.

He stopped short at last, and spoke to Nuna.

"Mrs. Whitmore, you are a noble woman: you have taught me a lesson to-day. If all I've been told is true, you have as much to forgive my wife as I have." Then he turned with a look of sudden appeal to Patty.

"Elinor, why don't you speak — why don't you make it easier for both of us? I am ready to forgive you if you will ask me: in return I ask you to try to love me."

"I don't want to be forgiven," she said haughtily.

The door was quietly opened, but they were all too overwrought to notice it then.

"Don't harden yourself," he said. He looked at Nuna: he seemed to find hope and counsel too in those deep trusting eyes. "Elinor, why not trust me? Do you suppose I want to keep you with me except to make your life a happy one? I don't ask for any words: just give me your hand, and I will take the rest on trust."

Even then she hesitated; but Nuna gently took the trembling, clammy fingers, and drew them towards her husband's hand.

The door shut suddenly — it seemed to break the spell that had held them.

"You do not want me any more?" Nuna looked at Mr. Downes. "I am on my way to my husband."

"You will never find him by yourself." He put his hand to his head and thought. "You must let me send my courier with you — indeed you must: he knows where the village is to which your husband was going when he left us;" then, seeing her unwillingness, he whispered, "Surely after that which you have done for me to-day you will let me help you if I can; you do not know how much you have helped me."

To his worldly notions it seemed marvel-

lous that Nuna could so easily forgive his wife.

A thought came to Nuna while he spoke.

"Shall I take Miss Coppock with me, Mr. Downes? Your wife ought not to see her again."

Mr. Downes pressed her hand.

"Yes, a good plan. Thank you very much. I'll find her for you."

Mr. Downes went to look, but Patience was no longer in the court-yard: the garçon was coming downstairs.

"Where is the English lady?" said Mr. Downes.

The man looked surprised.

"She followed you up-stairs, Monsieur. I thought she was with you."

Mr. Downes was very angry with Patience Coppock: just then he would like to have inflicted any punishment on her.

"Some one went up to the second story just now," said the garçon, "it is possible to have been Mademoiselle. No. 7 is the room of Mademoiselle; shall I tell her that Monsieur is waiting?"

"No." Mr. Downes gave his instructions to the courier about Nuna, and then hurried upstairs; he thought he should save time by going himself to Miss Coppock; he was very unhappy, it seemed to him that his wife was in a dangerous reckless temper; he did not want to lose sight of her till she softened.

No. 7 stood at the end of the gallery; he knocked sharply, but there was no answer.

"I have no time for ceremony," he said angrily; he opened the door and went in.

Miss Coppock was lying on her bed.

"Miss Coppock, I" — but the words stopped, and he stood still paralyzed.

An awful Presence filled the room, and drew his eyes to the upturned face lying there so dreadful in its stillness.

At first this Presence filled his eyes, his mind, so that he could not grasp objects distinctly, and then he saw a phial still held in one lifeless hand; close beside this hand was a paper, it looked like a letter.

Mr. Downes made a great effort to overcome his horror, he stretched out his hand and took this letter from the bed.

It was an old letter, soiled and much worn by folding and refolding; it was written in a boyish crabbed hand — in it was a lock of chestnut hair.

"My darling Patience," was at the top.

"Only an old love-letter; — poor creature," and then he looked on to the signature "Maurice Downes."

"Oh, my God!" he fell on his knees, his head nearly touching the dead woman. Who shall describe the utter horror and confusion of thought that came upon him in those awful moments, while he knelt beside the dead body of his old love?

All the bitter upbraidings he had given way to during these last weeks, while he had watched the smiles and looks he most coveted denied to himself and lavished on others, seemed to fall on his heart like stripes; punishment, dealt justly to him in retribution.

He rose feebly from his knees and staggered to a chair. Clearly, as before the mental sight of one drowning, was the memory of that unexpected return to his father's house and his meeting with Patience Clayton—he shuddered as her fresh young beauty came in one vivid glance; and then more slowly, because harder to the belief of the world-hardened conscience, came back those hours of boyish love, of mornings spent in a sort of hungering longing and unrest till he was sure of finding her alone in her little school-room.

How vehemently he had resented his stepmother's conduct; he knew without looking at it again that the crumpled letter, so carefully treasured, was full of passionate love and trust; in it he had vowed to be always true to Patience.

Why was all this so terribly real and present now, and why had it all been so vague and far off and lost out of memory, when he saw her again a friendless girl in London? For a moment it seemed to Maurice Downes, in the terrible remorse that makes any effort, however unreal, possible and needful, that if he had married the girl whose love he had won, it would have been just and righteous. She loved him truly; had any woman ever loved him so well, with so little requital?

And then came back those words spoken to him in the court-yard so short a while ago—words which he had despised her for uttering, because he disbelieved in them. "There are reasons why I'd still do much for you." And she, with all her wrongs, despised, neglected, had loved him to the end—had lived beside him all these months and seen his love lavished on Patty.

A feeling of deep indignation rose against his wife.

"She must hear it all. If I confess to her, it may bend her pride."

He got up and forced himself to take one long, fixed look at the poor pale face;

then he went down-stairs slowly and heavily to the room where he had left Patty.

CHAPTER LXVII.

A CONFESSION.

PATTY kept aloof from Nuna in sullen, determined silence, and Nuna judged it better to leave her to her husband than to try any outward means of softening this miserable mood. Only while she stood seemingly bent on watching the courier's movements in the court-yard below, as he hurried the stableman's operations, Nuna's lips moved in silent prayer, that Patty might be saved from the fate she seemed to be tempting.

How long Mr. Downes was away! would he never come? He came at last, came slowly and heavily, and Nuna started at the sight of his face—it was so white and rigid.

"You must not wait any longer, Mrs. Whitmore." Then he whispered, "Will you start now, and will you say good-bye to me here? I don't want to leave my wife alone; I have told Louis everything, and he will go on with you till you are with Mr. Whitmore. God bless you." He wrung Nuna's hand hard, and his eyes filled with tears; Mr. Downes resolved that she should know nothing of the awful story that had acted itself out so near them all; it was among the few unselfish acts of his life towards anyone but Patty.

Nuna looked at Patty, but there was no movement.

"Good-bye" she said shyly.

Patty gave one hurried, scared look at her: "Good-bye," but she turned away as Nuna made a forward movement.

"I had best go," Nuna whispered to Mr. Downes; "good-bye."

Mr. Downes looked after her as she went down the gallery. Till now he had been too much absorbed to realize Nuna's trouble, but it took a new, serious aspect.

"Poor thing; I hope she will find her husband, but who can say? he may fall ill and die; and be buried next day in one of those out-of-the-way Cévénol villages, and none of us any the wiser. Poor thing. I wish I could have gone on with her."

He went back into the room. Patty still stood where he had left her; defiant and gloomy.

"Come upstairs with me, Elinor," he said, "only for a few minutes."

His love for her guided him rightly so far; nothing but strength of will could

have kept her from an outbreak of passion.

He took her hand and kept it firmly clasped while they went upstairs together; and as he felt how unwillingly it rested in his, his heart grew heavier, and sterner thoughts mingled with his desire to keep his wife beside him. But he was too merciful to let her go into the room without a warning.

"Stay a minute, I want to tell you something, Elinor." He did not look at her while he spoke. "I had a most awful shock when I left you just now. Some years ago, a young man and a girl were in love with each other; he forgot his love and the promises he had made to keep true to it—worse than that, he was rich and the girl poor, and when he met her afterwards alone in London, he broke away from her with a few cold words and an offer of money instead of love." Patty raised her head at last and began to listen. "I was that youth, Elinor, but the girl loved on to the end." He stopped, Patty's eyes were fixed on him; something in the solemnity of his tone and look frightened her. "Elinor, all this time she has been living with us, and I never once recognized her."

"Was it Patience?" she whispered, and then she drew away from the door. Instinct and the look in his face told her he was seeking to prepare her for something from which she should shrink.

But he drew her on; they went in hand-in-hand—these two sinners; for it is sin, though the world may not call it so, to win affection, and then to leave it to wither unrequited—both gazing on the awful wreck of passion lying there so still.

For an instant Patty stood white and dumb; then she shrieked out in loud terror, and clung to her husband.

"Oh, Maurice, Maurice, have mercy! Take me away—for God's sake, take me, or I shall die—I shall die." She laid her face on his shoulder, but he made no answer; it was only fear, he thought—not love—that had worked this sudden change.

She shivered and left off screaming; then she glanced up in his face, and the fixed, rigid look she saw there awed her as much as her fear.

"Elinor,"—he spoke so coldly, so sadly, that all passion seemed hushed at the sound—"we have both helped to do this, to drive her to madness; but it is easier for me than for you to know how she suffered—from loving so well, so truly."

He stopped. Patty's bosom heaved

tumultuously; with a sudden cry, she flung herself at his feet, and clasped her arms round him.

"Oh, Maurice, Maurice! for God's sake forgive me—if you can."

It seemed to Nuna as if that weary day would never end, and yet, as if she would give much to lengthen it. It was getting dusk when they at length reached the village to which the courier said he had directed the English gentleman when they parted at Clermont. Louis shrugged his shoulders at the notion of still finding Mr. Whitmore there; but he agreed that it was the only way of getting a clue to his further movements.

He left Nuna sitting in the jolting vehicle in which they had come out from Clermont, while he got down to make inquiries at the cabaret. A dirty woman came to the door. Nuna bent forward to listen, but the patois sounded unintelligible.

The look of sudden concern in the courier's face startled her; she scrambled out of the high, clumsy carriage.

"What is it?" she asked; "have you heard anything?"

"The man looked frightened. 'What is it?' said Nuna to the woman; 'has an English gentleman been here; tell me—I'm his wife.'"

The courier had recovered his wits.

"Madame, the gentleman has been here; he is first very ill and then he gets better—but before he is recovered he again falls into the same malady, and, Madame, he will perhaps not recover."

A superhuman strength seemed to come to Nuna while she listened.

"He will recover when he sees me; take me where he is," she said to the woman.

The woman stared, but she understood the lady's looks better than her words.

Nuna followed her through the dirty mud-floored kitchen, where a wretched animal, more like a jackal than a dog, and some tall lean fowls were feeding together. At the back of this came a close, dirty passage, with a door on each side. One of the doors had a glass top, and this gave light to the passage. The woman opened this door and went in; the glass was so smeared that Nuna could not distinguish anything; she held her breath and listened. She looked so pale and worn, standing there—this last blow had been worse than all—but suddenly light sparkled in her eyes, a glow rose in her cheeks, her whole nature seemed kindling

with a glory of hope. It was Paul's voice. Nuna fell on her knees in the dirty little passage.

"Oh! spare him to me," she prayed, and then such an outspring of thanksgiving that tears came along with it.

She rose up and went gently into the room. Paul lay on a wretched little bed, so pale, so haggard, so unlike her own darling husband, that Nuna's heart swelled in anguish; but the eyes were there unchanged, the eyes that sought hers with a wistful, longing tenderness she had never till now seen in them, and that drew her swiftly on till her arms were round him, and her tears falling fast on the pillow on which he lay.

The woman stared a minute and went away. She thought this husband and wife a strange pair; after so long a parting, not to have one word for each other. She listened outside the door, but she heard only some half-stifled sobs and a murmur of kisses.

"A dumb people, these English," she said; "she never asks him how he finds himself."

She came in again later on with some broth, and to tell the lady that the courier would stay, as it was too late to get back to Bourges that night.

"Comment, Madame," she said; and she looked in amazement at her patient. He was lying propped up, with a look of comfort and rest in his face that she had not seen there before.

"You shall speak when you've drunk this," said Nuna smiling; and she kissed the hand she had been holding. "You don't know how I've been practising nursing, darling; you shall be well in a week," and she held the spoon to his lips.

Paul looked and listened in wonder. It seemed to him this could not be the careless, impulsive girl he had left in St. John Street. There was a subdued womanliness, mingled with such a glow of tenderness, it was as if Nuna's timid shrinking love had suddenly blossomed into a full and perfect flower.

"My darling," he said presently, resting his head on her shoulder, with a blissful trust in his eyes that made Nuna's heart almost too full for happiness, "I didn't deserve ever to see you again. Do you really want me to get well? He smiled into the tearful eyes.

That long look seemed to tell Nuna something had gone away out of her love for ever. No more trying to find out what would please or displease her husband. She was in his heart, and she knew

for evermore every thought and every wish of the life bound up in her own.

A radiance like sunshine filled her eyes.

"I suppose, if I were quite to tell the truth" she smiled mischievously, "I would like to keep you always as you are now; you are obliged to be good and obedient, and I'm not going to let you speak another word to-night."

CHAPTER THE LAST.

TIME has been merciful to Dennis Fagg. Only a year since we saw him helpless; now he can limp about on crutches, and his words come easily.

"Kitty," he calls, "come out in the garden, do, old woman, and leave Bobby to fry his supper himself."

Bobby is a good-sized schoolboy now, with redder hair than ever. He has been out catching fish, and objects to trust his precious victims to any cookery but his mother's.

"Well"—Mrs. Fagg looks lovingly at her greedy darling; his holidays are so near ended that it is necessary he should have his own way in all things—"perhaps, Bob, dear, you've had as many of them perch as is wholesome at a sittin'; so I'll go to father." Then turning a sharp look towards the kitchen as she washes her hands, "Have a care, Bob, you don't go asking Anne to cook 'em, it 'ud be like whippin' a dead horse. Why, child, she'd as like as not fry 'em scales and all."

Mrs. Fagg finds Dennis smoking, as he limped up and down the walk, between the espaliers, laden with their red and brown fruit.

"Kitty,"—he takes his pipe out of his mouth when she joins him,— "since you come back from London, I've heerd nought of Miss Nuna's baby; all your talk has runned on Mr. Whitmore. I mind when he usen't to be such a favourite."

"A favourite! not he; he's not one of my sort, Dennis; he keeps his talk too much to himself—not but what he's a deal altered for the better. I'm real pleased, that I am, to see the care he takes of Miss Nuna, and the store he sets by her; she deserves it every bit—but then we don't always get what we deserve, whether for praise or blame—do us, old man?"

Mr. Fagg had gone on smoking. He takes his pipe out again, and gives a little dry cough, shy of what he is going to say.

"You're right Kitty; but listen here. Don't you mind you never liked me to think well of Patty Westropp?" Mrs. Fagg turns her head and makes a sudden

swoop with her apron on the jackdaw pecking at the fast-ripening apples.

"Well, Dennis,"—she sets her apron straight—"of course I didn't like it; it weren't in nature that I should."

Mr. Fagg had raised his fat forefinger as he began, and he holds it so raised during his wife's interruption. He brings it down emphatically on her arm.

"The day after Mr. Whitmore sends for you, Kitty, Mrs. Bright, she drives over to see Bobby; that's how she got the news of Miss Nuna's baby so soon. Between ourselves, Kitty, she were a bit huffed she warn't sent for in your place, that she were—no, no; Mr. Whitmore knew what he was about, I'm thinking"—Mrs. Fagg's lips twitched with impatience, but she held her tongue,—“and, says she,—mind you, Kitty, it musn't be mentioned to a soul, Mrs. Bright let it out quite unawares,—but Patty have done well, after all; she have gone and married some grand gentleman up in Scotland.”

A movement in Mrs. Fagg, as if her cap and the rest of her apparel bristled like the crest of an angry dog.

"Who told Mrs. Bright?"

Dennis sniggers most ungratefully at her sharp question.

"Don't excite yourself, old woman, there's no mistake. Mr. Will found out Roger in London, that time he went to take care of Miss Nuna, and the old man told him all about Patty. Roger died quite lately, so Mrs. Bright says, and he's left all he's got to Miss Nuna."

"And did you hear the name of the gentleman as have married that girl?"

"No;"—Dennis looks disappointed—"she don't know it. Mr. Will won't tell, she says; anyway, Patty's a grand lady, and lives in the Highlands of Scotland."

"Well,"—Mrs. Fagg gives a little gasp; "I'm glad to hear she's so far off, and I

hope she's got some conduct along with her grandeur. Poor soul," she goes on presently, "she won't come to much, let her be where she will; Patty Westropp ain't one as 'ud ever like to be guided: she'd bite against any curb but her own will."

Maurice Downes has taken his wife to his home in Scotland; his hope is that, severed from all outward temptations to frivolity, Patty may be brought to love him truly; but it is for him a weary waiting, and at times he feels how doubtful is the end.

It is past sunset; soft wreaths of mist float up to the terrace of a gray old-fashioned dwelling, float up till the pine-trees in the steep valley below loom through it like grey phantoms. Before the mist rose there had been the glimmer of a tarn among the monotonous, blue verdure; but that is veiled by the soft wreaths rising higher and higher towards the granite mountain beyond.

Its summit is reddened with a faint glow of sunset, and between this and the wreathing mist, the rugged granite is awful in dark, stupendous grandeur.

Patty paces up and down the long terrace; the glow does not reach her face; it is pale and sad. Her black velvet gown trails as she walks, and she has drawn her black lace shawl over her head, for the air grows chill.

"How will it end?" she says,—her under-lip droops more heavily than it did three years ago. "Maurice says good people are always happy. I'm sure trying to be what he calls good makes me miserable."

Courage, Patty; the glow is on the summit of the mountain—the troubled mists, the rugged cliffs, come first—but, these once past—there is the soft warm light above!

EFFECTS OF SWINGING IN DEPRESSING THE TEMPERATURE OF THE BODY.—Dr. Wjatschewlaw Manassein gives the results, in one of the last parts (Band iv. Heft vi.) of *Pflügers Archiv*, of a considerable number of experiments on rabbits, which he subjected to the action of swinging, the swing making from 30 to 40 double vibrations in the minute. In all instances the maximum depression being 1°·2 Centigrade, the minimum 0°·3 C., and the average 0°·66 C. The effects were fully marked in about 15 minutes, and lasted for about two hours. The ten-

dency to sleep was always distinctly expressed. The depression in the temperature of the body was not occasioned by the mere renewal of the air in contact with the surface, as this was carefully guarded against by enveloping the animal in wood. The experiments have a practical side, as showing that swinging has the same effect in depressing the animal temperature in rabbits made ill (feverish) by the injection of septic pus into their vessels. Their temperature may in such case even be lowered to the normal degree.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
DRAVIDIAN FOLK-SONGS.

To the majority of English readers "Dravidian" will be a new name. Yet it belongs to some twenty millions, nay, nearly thirty millions, of prosperous cousins and fellow-subjects of ours. They are a group of closely-related nations who have been recently discovered to be also closely related to John Bull and his many descendants. The second city in her Majesty's dominions, in point of population, is a Dravidian city, and is supposed to contain some 700,000 souls. The city is Madras; the people occupy the southern portion of the peninsula of India, extending from Cuttack and Juggernaut, of famine and religious celebrity, to that Cape Comorin which was for so many ages the goal of European navigators. The nations forming the Dravidian race speak languages known as Tamil, Telugu, Canarese, and Malagalam — tongues of which competition-wallahs talk glibly, but of which the ordinary Briton has never heard, except, perhaps, from some missionary platform or charity-serving pulpit. In early Sanscrit literature the people were called Dravidas, and were said to be degenerate Kshatryas, members of the second or soldier caste; so that their relationship to the Sanscrit-speaking people was fully admitted. Men like Sir W. Jones, Dr. Carey, Sir Charles Wilkins, and others who flourished fifty years ago, followed this lead, and classed the Dravidas among Aryan nations. Then another school grew up, headed by that eminent and devoted missionary, Dr. Caldwell, who asserted that the Dravidas were a Turanian people, an offshoot of the Finnish tribes, and condemned them to banishment from the great Aryan family. This theory was started because it seemed clear that the Dravidian tongues were not derived from Sanscrit, and if not, they could only be accounted for as a far-journeyed colony of Scythians, who, in some lucky moment, had been able to overpass the Aryan barrier, which, resting on the precipices and more than Russian cold of the Hindu Koosh, has in all other instances repelled Turanian attacks. This theory found wide acceptance because it seemed utterly incredible that any nation could be found in South India related to, but not descended from, the Vedic heroes and priests. It shut up the doors of sympathy and fellow-feeling between the Dravidian peoples and their English conquerors, and relegated the former to that particular human race which is lowest in the scale of morality,

and therefore farthest from their Aryan fellow-subjects. The science of language, which seems to have sprung into the world like Minerva, fully grown and armed, has during the past few years thrown vast light upon this dark subject. It proves by irrefragable evidence — drawn from those unconscious but most truthful witnesses, grammar and vocabulary — that both Wilkins and Caldwell were wrong. The application of the famous laws so firmly established by Grömm and Bopp proves beyond doubt that Wilkins and Carey were in error in supposing that Tamil is derived from Sanscrit, and that Caldwell and Rask were equally wide of the mark in asserting that it is Scythic or Turanian. It becomes clear that the Dravidians represent lineally an offshoot from the great parent stock which left the fatherland long before Sanscrit was grown into vigour, and about the same period that the Teutonic wave flowed northwards into Europe. There is scarcely a Dravidian root which does not appear in Gothic, Anglo-Saxon, or Icelandic. The grammatical forms follow the same rule, and Tamil and Telugu possess at the present day the complete verb which has left such traces in our language as *are*, *art* and *were*.

This most interesting discovery impels us to ask a host of questions of the stranger. If the Dravidas are such near cousins, we wish to know how they think with regard to morality, to religion, to domestic life. Are they fit for the high privilege we cannot deny them? We have been looking round for the best means of answering such queries, and are fortunately reminded of the old saying that their proverbs and folk-songs are the best evidences of the inner life and thought of peoples. What, then, are the folk-songs of the Dravidas? First they are — But no, they shall describe themselves, and we will plunge in *medias res*, by quoting some that refer to death, a subject which forms a very fair test both of poetic feeling and moral depth.

THE NEARNESS OF DEATH.

I.

"Oh, what is food to me! Death stands so near!
Morn, noon, and night his angels cause me fear.
In one short day they snatched, as past they ran,
My friend, my foe, the young, the grey-haired man.

Their wealth doth stay behind, although so dear.

There is no joy for me. My life is drear."

Chorus. How near is death! Mercy he cannot bring.

Then, oh my heart, cease from the world and cling

With all thy power to tender Lakshmi's king.

II.

"Two days ago that marriage feast was mine,
And only yesterday I bought milch kine
Wherewith to start my modest home. My field

Is bright with corn. With gold my coffers yield.

I cannot die!" — while yet thou speakest, fool,

Dread Yama's step comes near. Farewell, vile soul.

Chorus. How near is death, &c.

III.

"My house is newly built. E'en now they say
The muttered charms that, finished, drive away

All evils from my home. My wife is great
With child. The day that weds my son we wait.

Life is so good, I cannot, will not die."

Vain fool, death's hand doth shade thy dark-
ning eye.

Chorus. How near is death, &c.

IV.

"To-day the milk boils with the rice. We feast

The birthday of our son. The next bright east

Will see the sacred thread by priests thrown o'er

The shoulders of my heir." Oh, trouble sore!

Thou say'st, "Thou canst not die." Close at thy back

He stands and laughs, and fears not to attack.

Chorus. How near is death, &c.

V.

He will not give you time. You may not eat

The rice that now stands cooked. Your eager feet

May bring no helping friend. Accounts must stay

Unpaid. In short, my friend, you must obey
When death doth call. Oh heart, my trembling heart,

Think well on Vishnu's feet. From Him ne'er part.

Chorus. How near is death, &c.

The next is on the same subject, but starts from a less serious standpoint. It is easy to see others groan when death is near, but very very hard when the cold

hand is upon ourselves. The song just quoted is a sort of dialogue winding up with a moral, and each of the first four verses represents a different person, of whom one clings to his wealth, another to his family, and a third to his business. That which follows is the utterance of one who sees his neighbour writhing; probably of some poor debtor who thinks it pleasant to see his stern creditor brought up sharp by a sterner bailiff than ever dodged the poor poet. Yama is the God of Death, and Purandala is a common Canarese name for Vishnu.

The following is a literal translation, as indeed they all are, and exhibits not only the utterance but the form of the original.

DEATH.

I.

He will not give you time to eat cooked rice,
Nor dun the gull whose note you've filed.

No jewels from the box may make you nice,

For Yama gives no time.

Chorus. Although you love your body, trust it not;

But strive to gain due merit for thy lot.

Thy lusty strength will not avail one jot.

II.

You wish to call your sister to your side,

And bid farewell to wife and child —

To shed salt tears for facts from dreams so wide?"

But Yama gives no time.

Chorus. Although you love, &c.

III.

You cry that friends must not be left so soon —

That pulse and ghee to priests you'll send —

The marriage of your son waits but new moon,

Yet Yama gives no time.

Chorus. Although you love, &c.

IV.

Your house is high — it seems the skies to touch —

Your purse is full, you ought to spend;

Your elephants and men wait watching much,

Still Yama gives no time.

Chorus. Although you love, &c.

V.

Your strength, you think, will ever stand your part,

Yet worse than useless will it prove.

Let Purandala see a loving heart

Then Yama brings no fear.

Chorus. Although you love, &c.

The labour of collection and translation has been robbed of much of the pleasure that might otherwise have accompanied it by the almost uniform sadness which pervades every song that we discover. The

observant reader will have noticed, even in those last quoted, a strong vein of melancholy at the apparent uselessness of life. In those that follow, it will be plainer. The Hindu mind in Southern India has been for ages struggling against two evils — the utter emptiness and vice of the popular superstition, and the equally utter coldness and far-off-ness, if we may coin the word, of the deity to whom the philosophy of the educated points. There is no medium, or, at all events, none that the common mind can grasp, between abstract pantheism and an incredibly gross and outrageously licentious mass of legends which goes by the name of Brahmanism. Yet as a people the Dravidas are remarkably moral. Within their nature is such an instinct towards good as may be expected in so early a branch from the great Aryan stock. The Brahman invasion and supremacy has robbed them of what they had, and given nothing but a whited sepulchre in return. In this sepulchre evil is called good; paltry offerings to some hideous image are counted sufficient atonement for the vilest sin. The hideous image is beauty itself, for it is at least good brass or wood or stone, compared to the mental image it is supposed to represent. What else could happen but that which has happened — the inner self of every decent man revolts against his outer self? The body is vile and sinful; a hindrance rather than a help. The world is a delusion, a thing to be left behind as a snare or poison. Men swim in a boundless sea of sin, of empty baubles, of bitter powerful temptations. God is afar off. He may, perhaps, help some, but he is on the other side of the sea. He who would reach the divine feet must bare his breast to combat wind and wave. If he be strong, the buffeting is almost more than he can bear. If he reach the other side at all, it is with limbs broken, heaving chest, and wandering senses. If it be so with the strong, what chance have the weak? How can the ignorant hope to cross? The man whose time must be devoted to the support of his family? In a large collection of folk-songs from all the chief Dravidian languages, not one may be called immoral, not one cheerful. Of course there are a host of expressions that we should call improper, and that would make a boarding-school mistress faint with alarm, but they are no more immoral than that Queen Elizabeth should have beef-steaks and beer for breakfast. It is improper to call a spade a spade in the hearing of one who would speak of it as an instru-

ment of cultivation. But ordinary care in the translator can always produce renderings that shall be both accurate and suited for ears polite, and no reader need fear the following

CRY FOR HELP.

I.

How many births are past, I cannot tell,
How many yet may be, no man may say;
But this alone I know, and know full well,
That trouble sore embitters all the way.
Its weight is more than I can bear, but thou,
Great God, who once didst bless e'en Ibrahim,
Of elephants the king, canst help me now?
Be pleased to grant my prayer — my soul enlarges.

Chorus. O Vishnu, help! Great Vishnu, save
A wretched soul like mine!
Thou holdest up the earth and wave,
Oh, send thy help in time!

II.

Great Lord, my boyish years were one long
pain,
Although they seemed to pass in play. For
play
Is nought but pain, in that it brings disdain
Of God and holy things. This very day,
O happy Narasimha, hear my prayer,
And freely, from thy heart, on me bestow
The help that now to crave I humbly dare.
Oh, help and save before from life I go.

Chorus. O Vishnu, help, &c.

III.

But now, in age and feebleness extreme,
Distress and pain are harder still to bear.
I cannot bear such woe! For, like a stream,
It surges overhead. Dost thou not care,
Purandara Vithala, in whose eye
All men are one and equal? On thy throne,
O king of birds, how swiftly dost thou fly!

List, hear with joy, and take me for thy own.

Chorus. O Vishnu, help, &c.

The next song is very popular, and again reveals no small evidence of humour. Life is a bad matter anyhow, but let us get some good even out of its worst aspect, so in every village men sing, —

HOW TO CROSS THE SEA OF SIN.

I.

Our life is but a sea of sorrow:
This comes, that goes — the old, old way.
No joy will last beyond to-morrow;
E'en grief and pain they will not stay.
Why should we run such things to meet,
Or set our hearts on things so fleet?
One thing alone is worth a nod
To touch the heart of Lakshmi's God.
Chorus. O sons of mine, how shall we swim
The dreadful sea of sin?
O sons, shout loud "Narâyana,"
Lakshmi's king, my sons, Narâyana!

II.

Don't be too fond of wife and girls,
Or laugh because your sons are three,
For when grim death his life-wheel twirls
The stern demand will come for thee.
Of Maya never be the slave,
Else thou wilt not the death-god brave,
Adore, serve him who sleeps on sea,
And endless bliss thy lot shall be.

Chorus. O sons of mine, &c.

III.

Some play at dice and some at chess.
Some plague the wife and she plagues some;
Some with great wealth their souls would bless :
To one sure end they all will come.
The infernal king will catch them all
Who Vishnu's name forget to bawl.
In Narasimha's lovely face
Lay all your hopes of future grace.

Chorus. O sons of mine, &c.

IV.

The strength obtained through food will fail,
So will the gold which fills thy purse.
The glories of your house may pale,
Your lofty fort may prove a curse.
Not one of these will serve you well
To fight against the king of hell.
Then, sons of mine, your voices raise
In world-renowned Vishnu's praise.

Chorus. O sons of mine, &c.

V.

In pride or strength, in hate or love,
In wealth or goods put not your trust.
Embrace the feet of God above,
Or else your hopes will come to dust.
Long thought on God will steel the mind
Against distress which others feel.
But lest remorse thy soul should bind
To glorious Vishnu ever kneel.

Chorus. O sons of mine, &c.

We conclude this set with two other songs in which the peculiar style of thought is matched by the mode of the versification. We wonder whether any other nation ever found pleasure in thus rhyming its own miseries? It must not be supposed that because the poet places his agonies in a somewhat ludicrous light, that they are any the less real writhings. A long and intimate intercourse with the people themselves has made it very clear that we have in these lyrics the real and true expression of an almost universal feeling. The heart is sad, but then life is pleasant, and even the mournful widow may be made to smile by the antics of an orphan child, whose merriment at such a time is after all the deepest sorrow.

THIS TROUBLESOME WORLD.

I.

If thou shouldst have a wife,
Trouble is thine.
If none should bless your life,
Trouble is thine.
If neither wise nor witty,
Sorrow will come :
Still more if she be pretty,
Sorrow will come.
For then, all guarding vain,
Sore trouble this.
She brings unmeasured pain,
Sore trouble this.

Chorus. Never, O my soul, can peace be thine,
Until great Runga's grace be mine.
If angry he, all hope resign.

II.

If children come to thee,
Mourning comes too.
But if no heir should be,
Mourning comes too.
With earning wealth and power
Pain fills the cup.
But when the wretched poor —
Pain fills the cup.
Complains he has not rice —
'Tis hard to bear.
Wherewith to sacrifice —
'Tis hard to bear.
No sorrow, pain, or care,
E'en sorrow deep.
Can be so hard to bear,
E'en sorrow deep.

Chorus. Never, O my soul, &c.

III.

When men are sick and poor,
Sorrow enters.
Though wealth should bar the door,
Sorrow enters.
If gained by strength and care —
Pain is in store.
Great hoards the shelves should bear,
Pain is in store.
But if each day you pray,
No sorrow comes.
To him who hears always —
No sorrow comes.
The excellent Vishnu —
Your joy is great.
Great peace will dwell in you,
Your joy is great.
Chorus. Never, O my soul, &c.

The deity mentioned in all the songs is Vishnu, the second member of the Hindu triad. He is known by many names, as Narasimha, Runga, "the disk of the sun," &c. The last song that need be quoted is entitled "The Painful Servant," and vividly portrays the fact that every earthly blessing brings pain and sorrow with it, while every earthly evil is but a faint foretaste of the worse things that await the soul in the unseen world : —

THE PAINFUL SERVANT.

I.

Some pains may not be seen,
They show no wound I ween —
A manly face they seem.

O fearful pain!
No woman some hath wrought,
Some come from want of thought,
A few go soon as brought.

Such pains are mine!
Chorus. O dreadful pain! I can't bear pain!
In mercy, Vishnu, save me!

II.

My stomach gives me pain,
Bad friends bring it like rain,
Deep Trouble leaves the stain.

O cruel pain!
Great pain may come from friend,
Abuse no balm can mend,
Bad men my heart do rend.

Such pains are mine!
Chorus. O dreadful pain, &c.

III.

What pain comes to the poor!
Breach'd promise addeth more,
To rule one's self is sore.

O biting pain!
Earth's pains I cannot bear,
More still await me there,
Foreboding bringeth care.

Such pains are mine!
Chorus. O dreadful pain, &c.

IV.

To be or not to be,
To see and not to see,
Are troubles sore to me.

O burning pain!
Oh Vishu, let me know
Why pain doth plague me so
And joy so soon doth go.

Hear my prayer!
Chorus. O dreadful pain, &c.

We now turn to another class of song — a very popular series. Though no language is too strong to express hatred of cant, it is remarkable that there is no word in any lyric that can be construed into libertinism. It has never been my lot to read any folk-songs in other tongues which are so uniformly pure in thought, and it might well be added, with regard to many, so clear in moral duty. The very first idea that will arise, especially when we come to the Adwaita lyrics, is one of doubt whether the songs are really popular and pertaining to folk-lore. On this point it is well to be distinct, and state that no one will be quoted which does not pass from mouth to mouth, and has not been gathered from the roadside or temple gate. Some of those we give were collected and printed in the Canarese char-

acter by a German missionary a few years back; otherwise it is not known that they have ever been printed, even by the natives of the country. They are the property of a minstrel caste, known in Tamil as the Satani, in Telugu as the Chatali, and in Canarese as the Dassara. They are handed down from generation to generation entirely *viâ voce*, and from the minstrels have passed into public use. No sight is more pleasant or more common, in a Canarese village especially, than to see, as the sun sets, some wandering minstrel enter the village and make his way to the pial or verandah of the headman's house, or, more often, to the pillared mandapam or entrance-hall of the village temple. As he goes he begs from house to house, announcing in each that he is about to sing. Perhaps he has with him a young disciple who will accompany his song upon the flute or guitar. As the shades grow strong the whole village assembles, squatting on the ground around the singer. Then taking his guitar, or vîna, as it is called, he trolls out the first verse of his lyric. If it be an old favourite, the chorus is taken up by the crowd and swells on the evening breeze. If not, they listen for a few verses, and then gradually pick up the refrain. Song after song is given. Between each the singer holds forth a large shell, tapping it with an iron or stone disk so as to draw attention to his claims. Pice (half-farthings) rain into the receptacle and afford encouragement sufficient for another lay. Thus are the songs approved, and by this test do they live or die. Most of those quoted are usually supposed to have come from remote antiquity, and even the authors' names have passed away. But it is apparent that new songs must be constantly tried. If they match the popular mind they live, because they draw the pice. If not, they die. The key-note of them all has been shown to lie in the national character, and this to be the result of the circumstances of the people. Another proof of the essentially popular character of the songs is very marked in the group we proceed to quote. They may be entitled Proverbial Philosophy, but so far exceed Tupper in that the proverbs are current. They consist of strings of proverbs, real living proverbs. Now either the proverbs have come from the songs or the songs from the proverbs. In the former case no further evidence of popular acceptance is required. In the latter it is clear that there can be no essential difference in thought or feeling. But an Englishman cannot comprehend the absolute

devotion of the Dravidian peoples to proverbs. The Rev. P. Percival is now printing a collection of 6,000 proverbs in daily use, and the store is by no means exhausted. The man in his business, the woman in her household, cannot speak five sentences without quoting a proverb. If a simple question be asked, the answer is a bare proverb. If a teacher reproves a pupil, it is by hurling a proverb at him. The humble expression of repentance is another adage. In the following pieces each couplet is a complete proverb. The adaptation is rendered easy by the fact that nine-tenths of the proverbs are in metrical form. It will be noticed how quaint are the references to social customs, how vigorous the denunciations of sin, especially of hypocrisy.

The next is a chaplet of more homely proverbs, though, as with almost all, it ends with a moral bearing on some great point of personal religion:—

WHAT MATTERS IT?

I.

What if the food a man doth hate
Hang high as waving palms?
Or that the house be wide and great
When the master gives no alms?
What can it be to you who wait
If office fall to fools?
Or if the bitch beside your gate
Have milk for all she rules?
Chorus. If earth be full of precious things
But none may come your way,
What matters it?
If when the goat his capers flings,
His throat-tits dance so gay?
What matters it?

II.

What use is handsome face and eyes
To surly son and heir?
Or all the beauty of the skies
To spiteful sharp "grey-mare"?
What good or gain in brother lies
If wrathful man he be?
What benefit can e'er arise
If pariah feast one see?
Chorus. If earth be full, &c.

III.

Why ask the way to here or there
If that be not thy road?
Or heap up gold and jewels rare—
A useless worthless load—
To him who offers not a prayer
And dares a saint despise?
For neither rich nor pure can bear
God's wrath 'gainst them to rise.
Chorus. If earth be full, &c.

WEALTH.

I.

What fills the house with children good
And gives the taste of sweets and ghee?
What saves from duns and bailiffs rude,
And without which life cannot be?
Sister, it is wealth.
Chorus. See, sister mine, the sorrow deep
That hide in wealth's great heap.
Two sorrows dire great wealth must
reap.

II.

What makes relations' need forgot,
But saves in danger from the foe?
What teaches men to tie a knot
And hate all change as fraught with woe?
Sister, it is wealth.
Chorus. See, sister mine, &c.

III.

What makes the foolish wise again
And makes to pass alloyed rupees?
What sweeter than the sugar-cane,
And if it fly leaves little ease?
Sister, it is wealth.
Chorus. See, sister mine, &c.

IV.

What hides a bad repute, and brings
A crowd of servant-courtiers gay?
What loads with pearls and golden rings,
And stays sore trouble on its way?
Sister, it is wealth.
Chorus. See, sister mine, &c.

V.

What brings the learned at one's nod,
Yet drives real friends from board and hall?
What causes men to turn from God—
The great Purandala Vithal?
Sister, it is wealth.
Chorus. See, sister mine, &c.

The next is one of the most characteristic of the whole series, and will bear close consideration. It must be remembered that in all country towns no Pariah is allowed to occupy a dwelling within the walls. He must live in a separate village or parcherry about a mile away, and there herd in poverty and filth with his fellow-sufferers by the great law of caste:—

WHO IS A PARIAH.

I.

Who guides not his life by the Shasters six
An outcaste will live and will die;
Who hears not the story of Vishnu's tricks
An outcaste will live and will die.
The traitor whose cause with his king's dares
mix
An outcaste will live and will die.
Who visits the house where the harlot sticks
Is outcaste complete in God's eye.

Chorus. Pariahs dwell without the gate,
Pollution 'tis to touch them;
Tell me then, ye learned men,
Are none within its iron grate?

II.

The man who his debts will not strive to pay,
A Pariah surely must be;
And he who would walk in a wicked way,
A Pariah surely must be.
So he who a lie to his host will say,
A Pariah surely must be.
In him who his wife for advice will pray,
Most foolish of Pariahs see.

Chorus. Pariahs dwell, &c.

III.

The man who is rich but his wealth gives not
Is worse than an outcaste indeed.
So he who would poison one's food, I wot,
Is worse than an outcaste indeed.
Who shuns not the hypocrite's fearful lot
Is worse than an outcaste indeed.
But he who would puff his good deeds one jot,
No outcaste so vile in his greed.

Chorus. Pariahs dwell, &c.

IV.

The man who his promise forgets to keep,
In Pariah village should dwell.
Who sows not the good he desires to reap,
In Pariah village should dwell.
The man who can lie, yet at night can sleep,
In Pariah village should dwell.
Than he who in blood his right hand dare
steep —

No Pariah blacker in hell.

Chorus. Pariahs dwell, &c.

V.

Who keeps not the precept that well he knows,
Is outcaste complete before God.
On Lakschmi's great Lord who does not repose
Is outcaste complete before God.
Who, seeing his gurn, no praise bestows
Is outcaste complete before God.
But he who meets harlot "under the rose"
No outcaste so merits the rod.

Chorus. Pariahs dwell,

Another important class of songs, if such they may be truly called, are stern protests against idolatry. This will come upon most folks with surprise. It is, however, but another phase of that reaction from the grovelling superstition of vulgar Brahmanism of which we have before spoken. It springs from that innate high morality which is so marked a feature of the Dravidian character as represented by its middle classes. Repelled by the licence and rampant idolatry of the common worship, yet with nothing else to fall back upon, the thinking portion of the community have leaned, as it were, on a pure deism that is not easily distinguished from

pantheism. The unity and purity of God are the attributes which they can most feel, as they are the farthest from the prevalent idolatry. Out of this deep requirement of the mind has sprung the great modern deistic school known as the Brahmo Somaj — an organization which has only been made possible by the spread of Western ideas. In South India the Brahmo Somaj is only now feeling its way, and does not greatly succeed. It has been made unnecessary by the fact that every thoughtful man has for centuries been an *Advaita*, that is a deist. So wide has been this movement, that we are justified in accounting their shibboleths as folk-lore. The songs that we quote are very ancient, and most of them are ascribed to Tamil authors, such as Kapila, Sivavakyer, Auvæ, and others, who belong to the very earliest ages of Tamil literature. Yet they can scarcely be called songs or lyrics, for they rather represent the chain of Shakspeare's sonnets, each portion of twenty or thirty lines being complete in itself, but yet belonging to a series which alone is the complete work. Many of them purport to be translations from the Sanscrit, but in almost every instance this is a pious fraud, due to the fact that it is a point of etiquette to presume that every theological or moral idea must come from and rest upon the Vedas. It is as much a conventionalism as that every dish in a modern dinner must have a French name. They are essentially indigenous productions, and are quoted in every conversation that turns upon such topics. Appealing, however, rather to the educated than the crowd, they have been often printed in Tamil, and have a very large sale. As a little child begins to creep through his letters these hymns or songs are put into his hands, that from his earliest youth he may learn what ought to be a life-long protest against the vulgar superstition.

GOD IS A SPIRIT.

Vasishta, Rama speaks to thee, and asks
Where may a sinner find those holy rites
That drive out, from the root, each fault and
sin,
And give to him who worships perfect peace?

To him Vasishta. God supreme and great
Dwells not in mortal flesh, nor hath he frame
Of substance elemental. He is not
Confined in what the simple call a God —
In Hari, Hara, and the minor host.
The Godhead is not even mind itself;
'Tis He, the Uncreate, who knoweth all,
Who ne'er began and never hath an end.

But will that God bow down and dwell with
men —

Abide in things that have no worth or praise —
That are not one, but some, and separate?
He hath no end nor had beginning. He
Is one, inseparate. To Him alone
Should mortals offer praise and prayer. Poor
fools

Must bow to idols — they cannot discern
The higher things. As when some weakly man
Who cannot walk a mile, is urged to pace
Such distance as he can : so fools adore
An image. Not to them the perfect bliss
Of knowing inner things. The wise man saith
That God, the Omniscient essence, fills all space
And time. He cannot die or end. In Him
All things exist. There is no God but He.
If thou wouldst worship in the noblest way
Bring flowers in thy hand. Their names are
these

Contentment, justice, wisdom. Offer them
To that great essence — then thou servest God.
No stone can image God. To bow to it
Is not to worship. Outward rites cannot
Avail to compass that reward of bliss
That true devotion gives to those who *know*.

The next is in a different style, but
teaches the same lessons. The image of
the man carrying the truth under his arm
as he walks from his teacher's house with
his heap of palm-leaf learning neatly tied
with string, will fit other lands beside
Madras : —

TRUE KNOWLEDGE.

I.

My God is not a chiselled stone
Or lime, so bright and white,
Nor is he cleaned with tamarind
Like images of brass.

II.

I cannot worship such as these,
But loudly make my boast
That in my heart I place the feet,
The golden feet of God.

III.

If he be mine what can I need?
My God is everywhere.
Within, beyond man's highest word,
My God existeth still.

IV.

In sacred books, in darkest night,
In deepest bluest sky,
In those who know the truth, and all
The faithful few of earth, —

V.

My God is found in all of these.
But can the Deity
Descend to images of stone
Or copper dark and red?

VI.

Where'er wind blows or compass points,
God's light doth stream and shine.
Yet see you fool, beneath his arm
He bears the sacred roll.

VII.

How carefully he folds the page
And draws the closing string!
See how he binds the living book
That not a leaf escape!

VIII.

Ah, yes; the truth should fill his heart,
But 'tis beneath his arm.
To him who *knows* the sun is high
To this 'tis starless night.

IX.

If still, O sinful man, with ash
Thou dost besmear thy face,
Or bathest oft, that thus thy soul
May cast away its load —

X.

Thou knowest nought of God, nor of
Regeneration's work —
Your mantras, what are they? The Veda
Groan loud beneath their weight.

XI.

If knowledge be not thine thou art
As one in deep mid-stream,
A stream so wide that both the banks
Are hidden from thy eyes.

XII.

Alas! How long did I adore
The chiselled stone, and serve
An image made of lime or brass
That's cleaned with tamarind!

THE UNITY OF GOD.

I.

Into the bosom of the one great sea
Flow streams that come from hills on every
side,
Their names are many as their springs.
And thus in every land do men bow down
To one great God, though known by many
names.
This mighty Being we would worship now.

What though the six religions loudly shout
That each alone is true — all else are false;
Yet when in each the wise man worships God
The great Almighty One receives the prayer.

Ah, Lord! When may I hope
To find the clue that leads
From out the labyrinth
Of brawling, erring sects?

Six blind men once described an elephant
That stood before them all. One felt the back;
The second noticed pendent ears; the third
Could only find the tail. The beauteous tusks
Absorbed the admiration of the fourth.

While, of the other two, one grasped the trunk;
The last looked for small things and found
Four thick and clumsy feet. From what each
learned

He drew the beast. Six monsters stood revealed

Just so the six religious learned of God,
And tell their wondrous tales. Our God is one.

Men talk of penance, charms, and sacred
streams,—

Make pilgrimage to temples, offer gifts,
Performing to the letter all the rules
Of senseless complicated ritual.

Yet are they doomed to sorrow's deepest pain.
Oh, fling such things away, and fix thy heart
On rest and peace to come. Seek that alone.

To them that fully know the heavenly truth

There is no good or ill; nor anything

To be desired — unclean or purely clean.

To them there is no good to come from fast
Or penance pains. To them the earth has
nought

For hope or fear, in thought, or word, or deed.

They hear the four great Vedas shout aloud

That he who has true wisdom in his heart

Can have no thought for fleeting worldly things.

Where God is seen, there can be nought but
God.

The heart can have no place for fear or shame,
For caste, uncleanness, hate or wandering
thought.

Impure and pure are all alike to him.

Space only permits the quotation of one more piece, which will be thought by many the most interesting in the whole collection. It is the property of a mountain tribe known as the Badagas, who form the mass of the Hindu inhabitants of the Neilgherry Hills. It has long been known that they possessed high musical and poetic talent, but the language is so archaic, when compared with the better known Dravidian dialects, that very few persons had the power, and less the inclination of giving the songs the attention they deserve. I am indebted to the Rev. F. Metz, a devoted German missionary, who has long laboured among the Hill tribes, for the original translation of this and other Badaga songs. The following exhibits an almost literal translation in a form as closely approximating to the original as I can effect. It is the dirge, or funeral song, employed at every Badaga cremation, and is therefore most strictly a popular piece.

The ceremonial commences shortly before death, but it would be out of place here to describe any rite that is not connected with the song. Suffice it to say, that the corpse is at length laid on a cot, carried out of the house, and placed under a wooden canopy or car, which is to be

burnt with it. By the side of the body are placed the various implements of the deceased — his plough, knife, flute, bow and arrows, and lastly an empty gourd. The latter is to serve as drinking-vessel during the journey to the unseen world. Early in the morning of the next day friends gather from every side around the corpse. Then the male relations join hands and slowly circle round the bier, to the sound of the music of flute and drum. Gradually the music becomes faster, and with it the dance. Soon the men fly round as fast as nature permits, and the scene becomes one of frenzied excitement. They are supposed to accompany the parted soul in its long journey. So far the ceremony is much like many others, but now commence the more interesting and touching rites.

The dancing ceased, the nearest relations walk in solemn procession round the body. The leader carries a basket of rice or other provision, and finally places it by the dead man's side, to serve him as food on the dread journey. As they walk, one steps to the front and describes the goodness of the deceased, his many acts of kindness, his love for his parents, his skill in cultivation or with his bow; how he assisted the poor, befriended the stranger, and loved his friend. As each new incident is told, the bereaved parents, children, and relations burst into fits of weeping, and mourn afresh their loss. When one man has told what he remembers, another comes forward and repeats new stories that came to his notice. Again the crowd weep, and the sad procession walks round the bier, marking their steps by falling tears. When all is told, the bearers take up bier, canopy, and all appurtenances, carrying them to the bank of the nearest stream. Then in mournful silence they stand circling the pile. Then the chief man present leads into their midst a buffalo calf, without blemish, untouched by goad, and free from the stain of labour. When man and calf are thus between the living and the dead, the chief chants the song that follows. It is a confession of sin and prayer for mercy. As each sin is described, he lays his hand on the head of the calf, and all the people shout "It is a sin." At the village they told the good deeds of the dead man, for there he was amongst his fellows. Here they are before God alone, and in his sight there is no good in sinful man. Bassava, the deity invoked, is Siva, the third member of the Hindu triad. The confession is followed by a prayer for mercy for the departed

soul, and this by a very beautiful description of the progress of the pardoned spirit. It winds up by a solemn expression of assurance that the deity will not refuse to forgive the man for whom the whole tribe has thus prayed. No sooner has the chief finished, than the person next in dignity steps forward and repeats the confession again, placing his hand upon the head of the calf. A second time, therefore, are the sins of the deceased placed on the scape-calf. A third time is it done. Then the calf is led to the outskirts of the assembly and turned loose. It has become sacred, and may never be called the property of any man, or feel the yoke upon his neck. The usual fate of the scape-calf is, doubtless, to become the prey of the tigers that abound on the hills.

The song is chanted by the performer. The portions marked as chorus are repeated by all the people, so that there is a continual chant and refrain, in which the assembly becomes as one man : —

BADAGA DIRGE.

Invocation. In the presence of the great Basava
Who sprung from Banigè the holy cow!

Confession. The dead has sinned a thousand times.

E'en all the thirteen hundred sins
That can be done by mortal man
May stain the soul that fled to-day.

Stay not their flight to God's pure feet.

Chorus. Stay not their flight.
He killed the crawling snake.

Chorus. It is a sin.

The creeping lizard slew.

Chorus. It is a sin.

Also the harmless frog.

Chorus. It is a sin.

Of brothers he told tales.

Chorus. It is a sin.

The landmark stone he moved.

Chorus. It is a sin.

Called in the Sirca's aid.

Chorus. It is a sin.

Put poison in the milk.

Chorus. It is a sin.

To strangers straying on the hills

He offered aid but guided wrong.

Chorus. It is a sin.

His sister's tender love he scorned

And showed his teeth at her in rage.

Chorus. It is a sin.

He dared to drain the pendent teats

Of holy cow in sacred fold.

Chorus. It is a sin.

The glorious sun shone warm and bright—

He turned his back towards its beams.

Chorus. It is a sin.

Ere drinking from the bubbling brook

He made no bow of gratitude.

Chorus. It is a sin.

His envy rose against the man

Who owned a fruitful buffalo.

Chorus. It is a sin.

He bound with cords and made to plough

The budding ox too young to work.

Chorus. It is a sin.

While yet his wife dwelt in the house

He lusted for a younger bride.

Chorus. It is a sin.

The hungry begged — he gave no meat;

The cold asked warmth — he lent no fire.

Chorus. It is a sin.

He turned relations from his door,

Yet asked the stranger home instead.

Chorus. It is a sin.

The weak and poor called for his aid—

He gave no alms, denied their woe.

Chorus. It is a sin.

When caught by thorns, in useless rage

He tore his cloth from side to side.

Chorus. It is a sin.

The father of his wife sat on the floor,

Yet he reclined on bench or couch.

Chorus. It is a sin.

He cut the band around a tank,

Set free the living water's store.

Chorus. It is a sin.

Against the mother of his life

He lifted up a coward foot.

Chorus. It is a sin.

Prayer. What though he sinned so much,

Or that his parents sinned ?

What though the sins' long score

Was thirteen hundred crimes ?

Oh! let them every one

Fly swift to Basva's feet.

Chorus. Fly swift.

The chamber dark of death

Shall open to his soul,

The sea shall rise in waves,

Surround on every side,

But yet that awful bridge,

No thicker than a thread,

Shall stand both firm and strong.

The yawning dragon's mouth

Is shut—it brings no fear.

The palaces of heaven

Threw open all their doors.

Chorus. Open all their doors.

The thorny path is steep,
 Yet shall his soul go safe.
 The silver pillar stands
 So near—he touches it.
 He may approach the wall,
 The golden wall of heaven.
 The burning pillar's flame
 Shall have no heat for him.
Chorus. Shall have no heat.

Finial. Oh, let us never doubt
 That all his sins are gone —
 That Bassava forgives,
 May it be well with him.
Chorus. May it be well.
 Let all be well with him.
Chorus. Let all be well.

Need we stay to point out how vividly all this recalls at least two scenes in Jewish history — the scape-goat and the blessings and the cursings on Ebal and Gerizim? There can hardly be conceived any more striking way of impressing upon a nation the great laws of morality and social goodness than this solemn rehearsal of sin at each cremation. One wonders,

too, where both ceremonial and song can have come from. It is no Turanian idea. That is clear. It is almost too deep in its denunciation of sin even for an Aryan nation. We can think of no parallel but in Semitic tribes. Even the minor ideas seem Semitic. The burning pillar which each has to clasp — the righteous coming unhurt through the ordeal — reminds of the pillar of fire that burned in Horeb and again in the wilderness of Sinai. The thread bridge recalls the sharp sword that spans the Mahometan gulf. Yet there is no shred of evidence to connect the Badagas with any Semitic race. Their language is purely Aryan, and abounds with words that preserve in Southern India forms that seemed lost for ever with the ancient Gothic. But the subject must not tempt us on. May the hope be indulged that these specimens of the folk-songs of Southern India may tempt others to dig in the same productive mine, and show us how and when our Dravidian cousins separated from the parent stock?

At the meeting of the French Academies the Minister of Public Instruction, who presided, stated that owing to the exertions of the two committees appointed at the beginning of the siege of Paris to take measures for the preservation of the works of art and literature in and near the city, none of the collections or monuments were at all injured during the siege. The civil conflict however which followed, was more disastrous:

"It destroyed to the last leaf several of our great collections of books — the library of the Louvre, those of the Hôtel de Ville, Prefecture of Police, and of the Council of State. We have lost at the Gobelins magnificent tapestries executed after Raphael, Boucher, Lancret and several modern masters. Two hundred and twenty-two ancient tapestries, monuments of that art in which we have so few rivals, have disappeared in the flames. Lastly, the directors of the Observatory inform us of the destruction of two instruments of geodesy and an astronomical clock. The great equatorial has been considerably damaged, but not in the most essential portions. . . . A broken window and the disappearance of a few articles do not forbid us from saying that we have saved entire the Museum of Medals. The manufactory of the Gobelins, which at first was believed to have been destroyed, and which has suffered cruel losses, has been able to resume its operations, and is to-day in full activity."

Respecting projects of restoration he added:

"It is said that the Municipal Council of the

Seine has resolved to reconstruct the Hôtel de Ville according to the conceptions of Domenico di Cortona. One of our greatest artists will restore to us the Tuileries in the elegant form devised by Philibert Delorme. Open arcades, supplying the place of the solid buildings raised by Jean Bullant and Père Ducerceau, will connect the new palace with the two great wings of the Louvre, and will bring the Place du Carrousel in direct communication with the gardens."

It is pretty well known to students of German art that Lucas Cranach, the most prolific of Saxon painters, lived and died at Wittenberg, where he was in such esteem as to be twice elected to the office of burgomaster. Less known is the fact that Lucas Cranach kept an apothecary's shop. This shop, called the "Adler," was at the south-west corner of the market-place of Wittenberg, and was first opened by Cranach in 1520. The house above the shop, restored to something of its original state in 1723, was that in which Lucas Cranach lived; it was also that in which his son, Lucas Cranach the younger, burgomaster of Wittenberg, died in 1586. On the 26th of September a fire broke out in the "Cranach" house and reduced it to ashes, and so one more of the classic edifices of the time of the Reformation is lost to us.

CHAPTER XV.

A VERDICT ON THE JURY.

As to the second inquest, I promised (as you may remember) to tell something also. But in serious truth, if I saw a chance to escape it, without skulking watch, I would liefer be anywhere else almost—except in a French prison.

After recording with much satisfaction our verdict upon Bardie's brother—which nearly all of us were certain that the little boy must be—the Coroner bade his second jury to view the bodies of the five young men. These were in the great dark hall, set as in a place of honour, and poor young Watkin left to mind them; and very pale and ill he looked.

"If you please, sir, they are all stretched out, and I am not afraid of them," he said to me as I went to console him: "father cannot look at them; but mother and I are not afraid. They are placed according to their ages, face after face, and foot after foot. And I am sure they never meant it, sir, when they used to kick me out of bed: and oftentimes I deserved it."

I thought much less of those five great corpses than of the gentle and loving boy who had girt up his heart to conquer fear, and who tried to think evil of himself for the comforting of his brethren's souls.

But he nearly broke down when the jurymen came; and I begged them to spare him the pain and trial of going before the Coroner to identify the bodies, which I could do as well as any one; and to this they all agreed.

When we returned to the long oak parlour, we found that the dignity of the house was maintained in a way which astonished us. There had been some little refreshment before, especially for his Honour; but now all these things were cleared away, and the table was spread with a noble sight of glasses, and bottles, and silver implements, fit for the mess of an admiral. Neither were these meant for show alone, inasmuch as to make them useful, there was water cold and water hot, also lemons, and sugar, and nutmeg, and a great black George of ale, a row of pipes, and a jar of tobacco, also a middling keg of Hollands, and an anker of old rum. At first we could hardly believe our eyes, knowing how poor and desolate, both of food and furniture, that old grange had always been. But presently one of us happened to guess, and Hezekiah confirmed it, that the lord of the manor had taken compassion upon his afflicted tenant, and had

furnished these things in a handsome manner, from his own great house some five miles distant. But in spite of the custom of the country, I was for keeping away from it all, upon so sad an occasion. And one or two more were for holding aloof, although they cast sheep's-eyes at it.

However, the Crowner rubbed his hands, and sate down at the top of the table, and then the foreman sate down also, and said that, being so much upset, he was half inclined to take a glass of something weak. He was recommended, if he felt like that, whatever he did, not to take it weak, but to think of his wife and family; for who could say what such a turn might lead to, if neglected? And this reflection had such weight, that instead of mixing for himself, he allowed a friend to mix for him.

The Crowner said, "Now, gentlemen in the presence of such fearful trouble and heavy blows from Providence, no man has any right to give the rein to his own feelings. It is his duty, as a man, to control his sad emotions; and his duty as a family-man, to attend to his constitution." With these words he lit a pipe, and poured himself a glass of Hollands, looking sadly upward, so that the measure quite escaped him. "Gentlemen of the jury," he continued with such authority, that the jury were almost ready to think that they must have begun to be gentlemen—till they looked at one another; "gentlemen of the jury, life is short, and trouble long. I have sate upon hundreds of poor people who destroyed themselves by nothing else than want of self-preservation. I have made it my duty officially to discourage such shortcomings. Mr. Foreman, be good enough to send the lemons this way; and when ready for business, say so."

Crowner Bowles was now as pleasant as he had been grumpy in the morning; and finding him so, we did our best to keep him in that humour. Neither was it long before he expressed himself in terms which were an honour alike to his heart and head. For he told us, in so many words—though I was not of the jury now, nevertheless I held on to them, and having been foreman just now, could not be, for a matter of form, when it came to glasses, cold-shouldered,—worthy Crowner Bowles, I say, before he had stirred many slices of lemon, told us all, in so many words—and the more, the more we were pleased with them—that for a thoroughly honest, intelligent, and hard-working jury, commend him henceforth and as long as he held his Majesty's sign-

manual, to a jury made of Newton parish and of Kenfig burgesses!

We drank his health with bumpers round, every man upon his legs, and then three cheers for his lordship; until his clerk, who was rather sober, put his thumb up, and said "Stop." And from the way he went on jerking with his narrow shoulders, we saw that he would recall our thoughts to the hall that had no door to it. Then following his looks, we saw the distance of the silence.

This took us all aback so much, that we had in the witnesses — of whom I the head-man was there already — and for fear of their being nervous, and so confusing testimony, gave them a cordial after swearing. Everybody knew exactly what each one of them had to say. But it would have been very hard, and might have done them an injury, not to let them say it.

The Coroner, having found no need to charge (except his runner), left his men for a little while to deliberate their verdict.

"Visitation of God, of course it must be," Stradling Williams began to say; "visitation of Almighty God."

Some of the jury took the pipes out of their mouths and nodded at him, while they blew a ring of smoke; and others nodded without that trouble; and all seemed going pleasantly. When suddenly a little fellow, whose name was Simon Edwards, a brother of the primitive Christians, or at least of their minister, being made pugnacious by ardent spirits, rose, and holding the arm of his chair, thus delivered his sentiments; speaking, of course, in his native tongue.

"Head-man, and brothers of the jury, I-I do altogether refuse and deny the goodness of that judgment. The only judgment I will certify is in the lining of my hat, — 'Judgment of Almighty God, for rabbiting on the Sabbath-day.' Hezekiah Perkins, I call upon thee, as a brother Christian, and a consistent member, to stand on the side of the Lord with me."

His power of standing on any side was by this time, however, exhausted; and falling into his chair, he turned pale, and shrunk to the very back of it. For over against him stood Evan Thomas, whom none of us had seen till then. It was a sight that sobered us, and made the blood fly from our cheeks, and forced us to set down the glass.

The face of black Evan was ashy grey, and his heavy square shoulders slouching forward, and his hands hung by his side. Only his deep eyes shone without

moving; and Simon backed further and further away, without any power to gaze elsewhere. Then Evan Thomas turned from him, without any word, or so much as a sigh, and looked at us all; and no man had power to meet the cold quietness of his regard. And not having thought much about his troubles, we had nothing at all to say to him.

After waiting for us to begin, and finding no one ready, he spake a few words to us all in Welsh, and the tone of his voice seemed different.

"Noble gentlemen, I am proud that my poor hospitality pleases you. Make the most of the time God gives; for six of you have seen the white horse." With these words he bowed his head, and left us shuddering in the midst of all the heat of cordials. For it is known that men, when prostrate by a crushing act of God, have the power to foresee the death of other men that feel no pity for them. And to see the white horse on the night of new moon, even through closed eyelids, and without sense of vision, is the surest sign of all sure signs of death within the twelvemonth. Therefore all the jury sate glowering at one another, each man ready to make oath that Evan's eyes were not on him.

Now there are things beyond our knowledge, or right of explanation, in which I have a pure true faith, — for instance, the "Flying Dutchman," whom I had twice beheld already, and whom no man may three times see, and then survive the twelvemonth; in him, of course, I had true faith — for what can be clearer than eyesight? Many things, too, which brave seamen have beheld, and can declare; but as for landsmen's superstitions, I scarcely cared to laugh at them. However, strange enough it is, all black Evan said came true, Simon Edwards first went off, by falling into Newton Wayn, after keeping it up too late at chapel. And after him the other five, all within the twelvemonth; some in their beds, and some abroad, but all gone to their last account. And heartily glad I was, for my part (as one after other they dropped off thus), not to have served on that second jury; and heartily sorry I was also that brother Hezekiah had not taken the luck to behold the white horse.

Plain enough it will be now, to any one who knows our parts, that after what Evan Thomas said, and the way in which he withdrew from us, the only desire the jury had was to gratify him with their verdict, and to hasten home, ere the dark should fall, and no man to walk by him-

self on the road. Accordingly, without more tobacco, though some took another glass for strength, they returned the following verdict:—

"We find that these five young and excellent men"—here came their names, with a Mister to each—"were lost on their way to a place of worship, by means of a violent storm of the sea. And the jury cannot separate without offering their heartfelt pity"—the Crowner's clerk changed it to "sympathy"—"to their bereaved and affectionate parents. God save the King!"

After this, they all went home; and it took good legs to keep up with them along "Priest Lane," in some of the darker places, and especially where a white cow came, and looked over a gate for the milking-time. I could not help laughing, although myself not wholly free from uneasiness; and I grieved that my joints were not as nimble as those of Simon Edwards.

But while we frightened one another, like so many children, each perceiving something which was worse to those who perceived it not, Hezekiah carried on as if we were a set of fools, and nothing ever could frighten him. To me, who was the bravest of them, this was very irksome; but it happened that I knew brother Perkins's pet belief. His wife had lived at Longlands once, a lonely house between Nottage and Newton, on the rise of a little hill. And they say that on one night of the year, all the funerals that must pass from Nottage to Newton in the twelve-month, go by in succession there, with all the mourners after them, and the very hymns that they will sing passing softly on the wind.

So as we were just by Longlands in the early beat of the stars, I managed to be at Perkins's side. Then suddenly, as a bat went by, I caught the arm of Hezekiah, and drew back, and shivered.

"Name of God, Davy! what's the matter?"

"Can't you see them, you blind-eye? There they go! there they go! All the coffins with palls to them. And the names upon the head-plates:—Evan, and Thomas, and Hopkin, and Rees, and Jenkin, with only four bearers! And the psalm they sing is the thirty-fourth."

"So it is! I can see them all. The Lord have mercy upon my soul! Oh Davy, Davy! don't leave me here."

He could not walk another step, but staggered against the wall and groaned, and hid his face inside his hat. We got

him to Newton with much ado; but as for going to Bridgend that night, he found that our church-clock must be seen to, the very first thing in the morning.

CHAPTER XVI.

TRUTH LIES SOMETIMES IN A WELL.

THE following morning it happened so that I did not get up over early; not, I assure you, from any undue enjoyment of the grand Crowner's quests; but partly because the tide for fishing would not suit till the afternoon, and partly because I had worked both hard and long at the "Jolly Sailors;" and this in fulfilment of a pledge from which there was no escaping, when I promised on the night before, to grease and tune my violin, and display the true practice of hornpipe. Rash enough this promise was, on account of my dear wife's memory, and the things bad people would say of it. And but for the sad uneasiness created by black Evan's prophecy, and the need of lively company to prevent my seeing white horses, the fear of the parish might have prevailed with me over all fear of the landlord. Hence I began rather shyly; but when my first tune had been received with hearty applause from all the room, how could I allow myself to be clapped on the back, and then be lazy?

Now Bunny was tugging and clamouring for her bit of breakfast, almost before I was wide-awake, when the latch of my cottage-door was lifted, and in walked Hezekiah. Almost any other man would have been more welcome; for though he had not spoken of it on the day before, he was sure to annoy me, sooner or later, about the fish he had forced me to sell him. When such a matter is over and done with, surely no man, in common-sense, has a right to reopen the question. The time to find fault with a fish, in all conscience, is before you have bought him. Having once done that, he is now your own; and to blame him is to find fault with the mercy which gave you the money to buy him. A foolish thing as well; because you are running down your own property, and spoiling your relish for him. Conduct like this is below contempt; even more ungraceful and ungracious than that of a man who spreads abroad the faults of his own wife.

Hezekiah, however, on this occasion, was not quite so bad as that. His errand, according to his lights, was of a friendly nature; for he pried all around my little room with an extremely sagacious leer,

and then gazed at me with a dark cock of his eye, and glanced askance at Bunny, and managed to wink, like the Commodore's ship beginning to light poop-lanterns.

"Speak out, like a man," I said; "is your wife confined with a prophecy, or what is the matter with you?"

"Hepzibah, the prophetess, is well; and her prophecies are abiding the fulness of their fulfilment. I would speak with you on a very secret and important matter, concerning also her revealings."

"Then I will send the child away. Here, Bunny, run and ask mother Jones —"

"That will not do; I will not speak here. Walls are thin, and walls have ears. Come down to the well with me."

"But the well is a lump of walls," I answered, "and children almost always near it."

"There are no children. I have been down. The well is dry, and the children know it. No better place can be for speaking."

Looking down across the churchyard, I perceived that he was right; and so I left Bunny to dwell on her breakfast, and went with Hezekiah. Among the sand-hills there was no one; for fright had fallen on everybody, since the sands began to walk, as the general folk now declared of them. And nobody looked at a sand-hill now with any other feeling than towards his grave and tombstone.

Even my heart was a little heavy, in spite of all scientific points, when I straddled over the stone that led into the sandy passage. After me came Hezekiah, groping with his grimy hands, and calling out for me to stop, until he could have hold of me. However I left him to follow the darkness, in the wake of his own ideas.

A better place for secret talk, in a parish full of echoes, scarcely could be found, perhaps, except the old "Red House" on the shore. So I waited for Perkins to unfold, as soon as we stood on the bottom step, with three or four yards of quicksand, but no dip for a pitcher below us. The children knew that the well was dry, and some of them perhaps were gone to try to learn their letters.

What then was my disappointment, as it gradually came out, that so far from telling me a secret, Hezekiah's object was to deprive me of my own! However, if I say what happened, nobody can grumble.

In the first place, he manoeuvred much to get the weather-gage of me, by setting me so that the light that slanted down the grey slope should gather itself upon my

honest countenance. I, for my part, as a man unwarned how far it might become a duty to avoid excess of accuracy, took the liberty to prefer a less conspicuous position; not that I had any lies to tell, but might be glad to hear some. Therefore, I stuck to a pleasant seat upon a very nice sandy slab, where the light so shot and wavered, that a badly inquisitive man might seek in vain for a flush or a flickering of the most delicate light of all — that which is cast by the heart or mind of man into the face of man.

Upon the whole, it could scarcely be said, at least as concerned Hezekiah, that truth was to be found, just now, at the bottom of this well.

"Dear brother Dyo," he gently began, with the most brotherly voice and manner; "it has pleased the Lord, who does all things aright, to send me to you for counsel now, as well as for comfort, beloved Dyo."

"All that I have is at your service," I answered very heartily; looking for something about his wife, and always enjoying a thing of that kind among those righteous fellows; and we heard that Hepzibah had taken up, under word of the Lord, with the Shakers.*

"Brother David, I have wrestled hard in the night-season, about that which has come to pass. My wife —"

"To be sure," I said.

"My wife, who was certified seven times as a vessel for the Spirit —"

"To be sure — they always are; and then they gad about so —"

"Brother, you understand me not; or desire to think evil. Hepzibah, since her last confinement, is a vessel for the Spirit to the square of what she was. Seven times seven is forty-nine, and requires no certificate. But these are carnal calculations."

All this took me beyond my depth, and I answered him rather crustily; and my word ended with both those letters which, as I learned from my Catechism, belong to us by baptism.

"Unholy David, shun evil words. Pray without ceasing, but swear not at all. In a vision of the night, Hepzibah hath seen terrible things of thee."

"Why, you never went home last night, Hezekiah. How can you tell what your wife dreamed?"

* These fine fellows are talked of now, as if we had found a novelty. They came through South Wales on a "starring" tour, thirty years ago, and they seemed to be on their last legs then. Under the moon is there anything new?

"I said not when it came to pass. And how could I speak of it yesterday before that loose assembly?"

"Well, well, out with it! What was this wonderful vision?"

"Hepzibah, the prophetess, being in a trance, and deeply inspired of the Lord, beheld the following vision: A long lonely sea was spread before her, shining in the moonlight smoothly, and in places strewn with gold. A man was standing on a low black rock, casting a line, and drawing great fish out almost every time he cast. Then there arose from out the water, a dear little child all dressed in white, carrying with both hands her cradle, and just like our little maiden, Martha——"

"Like your dirty Martha indeed!" I was at the very point of saying, but snapped my lips, and saved myself.

"This small damsel approached the fisherman, and presented her cradle to him, with a very trustful smile. Then he said, 'Is it gold?' And she said, 'No, it is only a white lily.' Upon which he shouted, 'Be off with you!' And the child fell into a desolate hole, and groped about vainly for her cradle. Then all the light faded out of the sea, and the waves and the rocks began moaning, and the fisherman fell on his knees, and sought in vain for the cradle. And while he was moaning, came Satan himself, bearing the cradle red-hot and crackling; and he seized the poor man by his blue woollen smock, and laid him in the cradle, and rocked it, till his shrieks awoke Hepzibah. And Hepzibah is certain that you are the man."

To hear all this in that sudden manner quite took my breath away for a minute, so that I fell back and knocked my head, purely innocent as I was. But presently I began to hope that the prophetess might be wrong this time; and more so because that vile trance of hers might have come from excessive enjoyment of those good fish of mine. And it grew upon me more and more, the more I disliked her prediction about me, that if she had such inspiration, scarcely would she have sent Hezekiah to buy her supper from my four-legged table. Therefore I spoke without much loss of courage.

"Brother Hezekiah, there is something wrong with Hepzibah. Send her, I pray you, to Dr. Ap-Yollup before she prophesies anything more. No blue woollen smock have I worn this summer, but a canvas jacket only, and more often a striped jersey. It is Sandy Macraw she has seen in her dream, with the devil both

roasting and rocking him. Glory be to the Lord for it!"

"Glory be to Him, Dyo, whichever of you two it was! I hope that it may have been Sandy. But Hepzibah is always accurate, even among fishermen."

"Even fishermen," I answered (being a little touched with wrath), "know the folk that understand them, and the folk that cannot. Even fishermen have their right, especially when reduced to it, not to be blasphemed in that way, even by a prophetess."

"Dyo, you are hot again. What makes you go on so? A friend's advice is such a thing, that I nearly always take it; unless I find big obstacles. Dyo, now be advised by me."

"That depends on how I like it," was the best thing I could say.

"David Llewellyn, the only chance to save thy sinful soul is this. Open thine heart to the chosen one, to the favoured of the Lord. Confess to Hepzibah the things that befell thee, and how the tempter prevailed with thee. Especially bring forth, my brother, the accursed thing thou hast hid in thy tent, the wedge of gold, and the shekels of silver, and the Babylonish garment. Thou hast stolen, and dissembled also; and put it even among thine own stuff. Cast it from thee, deliver it up, lay it before the ark of the Lord, and Hepzibah shall fall down and pray, lest thou be consumed and burnt with fire, like the son of Carmi the son of Zabdi, and covered over with a great heap of stones, even such as this is."

My wrath at this foul accusation, and daring attempt to frighten me, was kindled so that I could not speak; and if this had happened in the open air, I should have been certain to knock him down. However, I began to think, for Perkins was a litigious fellow; and however strict a man's conduct is, he does not want his affairs all exposed. Therefore I kept my knit knuckles at home, but justly felt strong indignation. Perkins thought he had terrified me, for perhaps in that bad light I looked pale; and so he began to triumph upon me, which needs, as everybody knows, a better man than Hezekiah.

"Come, come, brother Dyo," he said, in a voice quite different from the Chapel-Scriptural style he had used; "you see, we know all about it. Two dear children come ashore, one dead, and the other not dead. You contrive to receive them both, with your accustomed poaching skill. For everybody says that you are always to be found everywhere, except in your chapel,

on Sabbath-day. Now, David, what do our good people, having families of their own, find upon these children? Not so much as a chain, or locket, or even a gold pin. I am a jeweller, and I know that children of high position always have some trinket on them, when their mothers love them. A child with a coronet, and no gold! David, this is wrong of wrong. And worse than this, you conceal the truth, even from me your ancient friend. There must be a great deal to be made, either from those who would hold them in trust, or from those in whose way they stood. For the family died out, very likely in all male inheritance. Think what we might make of it, by acting under my direction. And you shall have half of it all, old Davy, by relieving your mind, and behaving in a sensible and religious manner."

This came home to my sense of experience more than all Hepzibah's divine predictions or productions. At the same time I saw that Hezekiah was all abroad in the dark, and groping right and left after the bodily truth. And what call had he to cry shares with me, because he had more reputation, and a higher conceit of himself, of course? But it crossed my mind that this nasty fellow, being perhaps in front of me in some little tricks of machinery, might be useful afterwards in getting at the real truth, which often kept me awake at night. Only I was quite resolved not to encourage roguery by letting him into partnership. Perceiving my depth of consideration—for it suited my purpose to hear him out, and learn how much he suspected—it was natural that he should try again to impress me yet further by boasting.

"Dyo, I have been at a Latin school for as much as three months together. My father gave me a rare education, and I made the most of it. None of your ignorance for me! I am up to the moods and the tenses, the accidents and the proselytes. The present I know, and the future I know; the Peter-perfection, and the hay-roost——"

"I call that stuff gibberish. Talk plain English if you can."

"Understand you then so much as this? I speak in a carnal manner now. I speak as a fool unto a fool. I am up to snuff, good Dyo; I can tell the time of day."

"Then you are a devilish deal cleverer than any of your clocks are. But now thou speakest no parables, brother. Now I know what thou meannest. Thou art up for robbing somebody; and if I would

shun Satan's clutches, I must come and help thee."

"Dyo, this is inconsistent, nor can I call it brotherly. We wish to do good, both you and I, and to raise a little money for works of love; you, no doubt, with a good end in view, to console you for much tribulation; and I with a single eye to the advancement of the cause which I have at heart, to save many brands from the burning. Then, Dyo, why not act together? Why not help one another, dear brother; thou with the good luck, and I with the brains?"

He laid his hand on my shoulder kindly, with a yearning of his bowels towards me, such as true Nonconformists feel at the scent of any money. I found myself also a little moved, not being certain how far it was wise to throw him altogether over.

But suddenly, by what means I know not, except the will of Providence, there arose before me that foul wrong which the Nicodemus-Christian had committed against me some three years back. I had forborne to speak of it till now, wishing to give the man fair play.

"Hezekiah, do you remember," I asked, with much solemnity—"do you remember your twentieth wedding-day?"

"Davy, my brother, how many times—never mind talking about that now."

"You had a large company coming, and to whom did you give a special order to catch you a turbot at tenpence a pound?"

"Nay, nay, my dear friend Dyo; shall I never get that out of your stupid head?"

"You had known me for twenty years at least as the very best fisherman on the coast, and a man that could be relied upon. Yet you must go and give that order, not to a man of good Welsh blood—with ten Welshmen coming to dinner, mind—not to a man that was bred and born within five miles of your dirty house—not to a man that knew every cranny and crinkle of sand where the turbot lies; but to a tag-rag Scotchman! It was spoken of upon every pebble from Britton Ferry to Aberthaw. David Llewellyn put under the feet of a fellow like Sandy Macraw—a beggarly, interloping, freckled, bitter weed of a Scotchman!"

"Well, Davy, I have apologized. How many times more must I do it? It was not that I doubted your skill. You tell us of that so often, that none of us ever question it. It was simply because—I feared just then to come near your excellent and lamented——"

"No excuses, no excuses, Mr. Perkins,

if you please! You only make the matter worse. As if a man's wife could come into the question, when it comes to business! Yours may, because you don't know how to manage her; but mine —"

"Well, now she is gone, Dyo; and very good she was to you. And in your heart, you know it."

Whether he said this roguishly, or from the feeling which all of us have when it comes to one another, I declare I knew not then, and I know not even now. For I did not feel so sharply up to look to mine own interest, with these recollections over me. I waited for him to begin again, but he seemed to stick back in the corner. And in spite of all that turbot business, at the moment I could not help holding out my hand to him.

He took it, and shook it, with as much emotion as if he had truly been fond of my wife; and I felt that nothing more must be said concerning that order to Sandy Macraw. It seemed to be very good reason also, for getting out of that interview; for I might say things to be sorry for, if I allowed myself to go on any more with my heart so open. Therefore I called in my usual briskness, "Lo, the water is rising! The children must be at the mouth of the well. What will the good wife prophecy if she sees thee coming up the stairs with thy two feet soaking wet, Master Hezekiah?"

CHAPTER XVII.

FOR A LITTLE CHANGE OF AIR.

On the very next day, I received such a visit as never had come to my house before. For while I was trimming my hooks, and wondering how to get out of all this trouble with my conscience sound and my pocket improved; suddenly I heard a voice not to be found anywhere.

"I'ants to yalk, I tell 'a, Yatkin. Put me down derekkerly. I 'ants to see old Davy."

"And old Davy wants to see you, you beauty," I cried, as she jumped like a little wild kid, and took all my house with a glance, and then me.

"Does 'a know, I yikes this house, and I yikes 'a, and I yikes Yatkin, and ickle Bunny, and evely-body?"

She pointed all round for every-body, with all ten fingers spread everyway. Then Watkin came after her, like her slave, with a foolish grin on his countenance, in spite of the undertaking business.

"If you please, sir, Mr. Llewellyn," he

said, "we was forced to bring her over; she have been crying so dreadful, and shivering about the black pit-hole so. And when the black things came into the house, she was going clean out of her little mind, ever so many times almost. No use it was at all to tell her ever so much a-yard they was. 'I don't yike back, and I 'on't have back. Yite I yikes, and boo I yikes; and my dear papa be so very angry, when I tells him all about it.' She went on like that, and she did so cry, mother said she must change the air a bit."

All the time he was telling me this, she watched him with her head on one side and her lips kept ready in the most comic manner, as much as to say, "Now you tell any stories at my expense, and you may look out." But Watkin was truth itself, and she nodded, and said "Ness," at the end of his speech.

"And, if you please, sir, Mr. Llewellyn whatever is 'belung,' sir? All the way she have been asking for 'belung, belung, belung.' And I cannot tell for the life of me whatever is 'belung,'"

"Boy, never ask what is unbecoming," I replied, in a manner which made him blush, according to my intention. For the word might be English for all I knew, and have something of high life in it. However, I found, by-and-by, that it meant what she was able to call 'Umbrella,' when promoted a year in the dictionary.

But now anybody should only have seen her, who wanted a little rousing up. My cottage, of course, is not much to boast of, compared with castles, and so on; nevertheless there is something about it pleasant and good, like its owner. You might see ever so many houses, and think them larger, and grander, and so on, with more opportunity for sitting down, and less for knocking your head perhaps; and after all you would come back to mine. Not for the sake of the meat in the cupboard — because I seldom had any, and far inferior men had more; but because — well, it does not matter. I never could make you understand, unless you came to see it.

Only I felt that I had found a wonderful creature to make me out, and enter almost into my own views (of which the world is not capable) every time I took this child up and down the staircase. She would have jumps, and she made me talk in a manner that quite surprised myself; and such a fine feeling grew up between us, that it was a happy thing for the whole of us, not to have Bunny in the way just then. Mother Jones was giving her apple-party; as she always did when the red streaks

came upon her "Early Margarets." But I always think the White Juneating is a far superior apple: and I have a tree of it. My little garden is nothing grand, any more than the rest of my premises, or even myself, if it comes to that; still you might go for a long day's walk, and find very few indeed to beat it, unless you were contradictory. For ten doors at least, both west and east, this was admitted silently; as was proved by their sending to me for a cabbage, an artichoke, or an onion, or anything choice for a Sunday dinner. It may suit these very people now to shake their heads and to run me down, but they should not forget what I did for them, when it comes to pronouncing fair judgment.

Poor Bardie appeared as full of bright spirit, and as brave as ever, and when she tumbled from jumping two steps, what did she do but climb back and jump three, which even Bunny was afraid to do. But I soon perceived that this was only a sort of flash in the pan, as it were. The happy change from the gloom of Sker House, from the silent corners and creaking stairs, and long-faced people keeping watch, and howling every now and then—also the sight of me again (whom she looked upon as her chief protector), and the general air of tidiness belonging to my dwelling—these things called forth all at once the play and joyful spring of her nature. But when she began to get tired of this, and to long for a little coaxing, even the stupidest gaffer could see that she was not the child she had been. Her little face seemed pinched and pale, and prematurely grave and odd; while in the grey eyes tears shone ready at any echo of thought to fall. Also her forehead, broad and white, which marked her so from common children, looked as if too much of puzzling and of wondering had been done there. Even the gloss of her rich brown poll was faded, with none to care for it; while the dainty feet and hands, so sensitive as to a speck of dirt, were enough to bring the tears of pity into a careful mother's eyes.

"Gardy la! 'Ook 'e see, 'hot degustin' naily pailies! And poor Bardie nuffin to kean 'em with!"

While I was setting this grief to rest (for which she kissed me beautifully), many thoughts came through my mind about this little creature. She and I were of one accord, upon so many important points; and when she differed from me, perhaps she was in the right almost: which is a thing that I never knew to happen in a whole village of grown up people.

And by the time I had brushed her hair and tied up the bows of her frock afresh, and when she began to dance again, and to play every kind of trick with me, I said to myself, "I must have this child. Whatever may come of it, I will risk—when the price of butcher's-meat comes down."

This I said in real earnest: but the price of butcher's meat went up, and I never have known it come down again.

While I was thinking, our Bunny came in, full of apples, raw and roasted, and of the things the children said. But at the very first sight of Bardie, everything else was gone from her. All the other children were fit only to make dirt-pies of. This confirmed and held me steadfast in the opinions which I had formed without any female assistance.

In spite of all her own concerns (of which she was full enough, goodness knows), Bunny came up, and pulled at her, by reason of something down her back, which wanted putting to rights a little—a plait, or a tuck or some manner of gear; only I thought it a clever thing, and the little one approved of it. And then, our Bunny being in her best, these children took notice of one another, to settle which of them was nearer to the proper style of clothes. And each admired the other for anything which she had not got herself.

"Come, you baby-chits," said I, being pleased at their womanly ways, so early; "all of us want some food, I think. Can we eat our dresses?" The children, of course, understood me not; nevertheless, what I said was sense.

And if, to satisfy womankind—for which I have deepest regard and respect—I am forced to enter into questions higher than reason of men can climb—of washing, and ironing, and quilling, and gophering, and setting up, and styles of transparent reefing, and all our other endeavours to fetch this child up to her station—the best thing I can do will be to have mother Jones in to write it for me; if only she can be forced to spell.

However, that is beyond all hope; and even I find it hard sometimes to be sure of the royal manner. Only I go by the Bible always, for every word that I can find; being taught (ever since I could read at all) that his Majesty, James I., confirmed it.

Now this is not at all the thing which I wanted to put before you clearly; because I grow like a tombstone often, only fit to make you laugh when I stand on my right to be serious. My great desire is to

tell you what I did, and how I did it, as to the managing of these children, even for a day or two, so as to keep them from crying, or scorching, or spoiling their clothes, or getting wet, or having too much victuals or too little. Of course I consulted that good mother Jones five or six times every day; and she never was weary of giving advice, though she said every time that it must be the last. And a lucky thing it was for me in all this responsibility to have turned enough of money, through skilful catch and sale of fish, to allow of my staying at home a little, and not only washing and mending of clothes, but treating the whole of the household to the delicacies of the season. However, it is not my habit to think myself anything wonderful; that I leave to the rest of the world: and no doubt any good and clever man might have done a great part of what I did. Only if anything should befall us, out of the reach of a sailor's skill and the depth of Bunny's experience, mother Jones promised to come straight in, the very moment I knocked at the wall; and her husband slept with such musical sound that none could be lonely in any house near, and so did all of her ten children who could crack a lollipop.

Upon the whole, we passed so smoothly over the first evening, with the two children as hard at play as if they were paid fifty pounds for it, that having some twenty-five shillings in hand after payment of all creditors, and only ten weeks to my pension-day, with my boat unknown to anybody, and a very good prospect of fish running up from the Mumbles at the next full moon, I set the little one on my lap, after a good bout of laughing at her very queer ins and outs—for all things seemed to be all alive with, as well as to her.

"Will you stay with me, my dear?" I said, as bold as King George and the Dragon; "would you like to live with old Davy and Bunny, and have ever so many frocks washed, soon as ever he can buy them?" For nothing satisfied her better than to see her one gown washed. She laid her head on one side a little, so that I felt it hot to my bosom, being excused of my waistcoat; and I knew that she had overworked herself.

"Ness," she said, after thinking a bit. "Ness," I live with 'a, old Davy, till my dear mama come for me. Does 'e know, old Davy, 'hot I thinks?"

"No, my pretty; I only know that you are always thinking." And so she was; no doubt of it.

"I tell 'a old Davy, 'hot-I thinks. No

—I can't tell 'a; only sompin. 'Et me go for more pay with Bunny."

"No, my dear, just stop a minute. Bunny has got no breath left in her; she is such a great fat Bunny. What you mean to say is, that you don't know how papa and mama could ever think of leaving you such a long long time away."

She shook her curly pate as if each frizzle were a puzzle; and her sweet white forehead seemed a mainsail full of memory; and then gay presence was in her eyes, and all the play which I had stopped broke upon her mind again.

"Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor," she began, with her beautiful fingers crawling, like white carnelian compasses, up the well-made buttons of my new smock-guernsey; for though I had begged my hot waistcoat off, I never was lax of dress in her presence as I would be in Bunny's—or, in short, with anybody except this little lady. I myself taught her that "tinker, tailor," and had a right to have it done to me. And she finished it off with such emphasis upon button No. 7, which happened to be the last of them, "gentleman, ploughboy, fief," looking straight into my eyes, and both of us laughing at the fine idea that I could possibly be called a thief! But fearing to grow perhaps foolish about her, as she did these charming things to me, I carried her up to bed with Bunny, and sung them both away to sleep with a melancholy dirge of sea.

Into whatever state of life it may please God to call me—though I fear there cannot be many more at this age of writing—it always will be, as it always has been, my first principle and practice to do my very utmost (which is far less than it was, since the doctor stopped my hornpipes) to be pleasant and good company. And it is this leading motive which has kept me from describing—as I might have done, to make you tingle and be angry afterwards—the state of Sker House, and of Evan Thomas, and Moxey his wife, and all their friends, about those five poor rabbit-bits. Also other darkish matters, such as the plight of those obstinate black men when they came ashore at last, three together, and sometimes four, as if they had fought in the water. And, after all, what luck they had in obtaining proper obsequies, inasmuch as by order of Crowner Bowles, a great hole in the sand was dug in a little sheltered valley, and kept open till it was fairly thought that the sea must have finished with them; and then, after being carefully searched for anything of value, they were rolled in all together,

and kept down with stones, like the parish mangle, and covered with a handsome mound of sand. And not only this, but in spite of expense and the murmuring of the vestry, a board well tarred (to show their colour) was set up in the midst of it, and their number "35" chalked up; and so they were stopped of their mischief awhile, after shamefully robbing their poor importer.

But if this was conducted handsomely, how much more so were the funerals of the five young white men! The sense of the neighborhood and the stir, and the presence of the Coroner (who stopped a whole week for sea air and freshness, after seeing so many good things come in, and perceiving so many ways home that night, that he made up his mind to none of them); also the feeling (which no one expressed, but all would have been disappointed of) that honest black Evan, after knocking so many men down in both parishes and the extra-parochial manor, was designed, by this down-right blow from above, to repent and to entertain every one; and most of all, the fact that five of a highly respectable family were to be buried at once, to the saving of four future funerals, all of which must have been fine ones,—these universal sympathies compelled the house and the people therein to exert themselves to the uttermost.

Enough that it gave satisfaction, not universal, but general; and even that last is a hard thing to do in such great outbursts of sympathy. Though Moudlin church is more handy for Sker, and the noble Portreeve of Kenfig stood upon his right to it, still there were stronger reasons why old Newton should have the preference. And Sker being outside either parish, Crowner Bowles, on receipt of a guinea, swore down the Portreeve to his very vamps. For Moxy Thomas was a Newton woman, and loved every scrape of a shoe there; and her uncle, the clerk, would have ended his days if the fees had gone over to Kenfig. Our parson, as well, was a very fine man, and a match for the whole of the service; while the little fellow at Moudlin always coughed at a word of three syllables.

There was one woman in our village who was always right. She had been disappointed three times over, in her early and middle days; and the effect of this on her character was so lasting and so wholesome, that she never spoke without knowing something. When from this capital female I heard that our churchyard had

won the victory, and when I foresaw the demented condition of glory impending upon our village (not only from five magnificent palls, each with its proper attendance of black, and each with fine hymns and good howling, but yet more than that from the hot strength of triumph achieved over vaunting Kenfig); then it came into my mind to steal away with Bardie.

A stern and sad sacrifice of myself, I assured myself that it was, and would be; for few even of our oldest men could enjoy a funeral more than I did, with its sad reflections and junketings. And I might have been head-man of all that day, entitled not only to drop the mould, but to make the speech afterwards at the Inn.

But I abandoned all these rights, and braved once more the opinions of neighbours (which any man may do once too often); and when the advance of sound came towards us, borne upon the western wind from the end of Newton Wayn, slowly hanging through the air, as if the air loved death of man—the solemn singing of the people who must go that way themselves, and told it in their melody; and when the Clevice rock rung softly with the tolling bell, as well as with the rolling dirges, we slipped away at the back of it—that is to say, pretty Bardie and I. For Bunny was purer of Newton birth than to leave such a sight without tearing away. And desiring some little to hear all about it, I left her with three very good young women, smelling strongly of southernwood, who were beginning to weep already, and promised to tell me the whole of it.

As we left this dismal business, Bardie danced along beside me, like an ostrich-feather blown at. In among the sand-hills soon I got her, where she could see nothing, and the thatch of rushes deadened every pulse of the funeral bell. And then a strange idea took me, all things being strange just now, that it might prove a rich wise thing to go for a quiet cruise with Bardie. In that boat, and on the waves, she might remember things recovered by the chance of semblance. Therefore, knowing that all living creatures five miles either way of us were sure to be in Newton churchyard nearly all the afternoon, and then in the public-houses, I scrupled not to launch my boat and go to sea with the little one. For if we steered a proper course no funeral could see us. And so I shipped her gingerly. The glory of her mind was such that overboard she must have jumped, except for my Sunday neck-tie with a half-hitch knot.

around her. And the more I rowed the more she laughed, and looked at the sun with her eyes screwed up, and at the water with all wide open. "Hare is 'a going, old Davy?" she said, slipping from under my Sunday splice, and coming to me wonderfully, and laying her tiny hands on mine, which beat me always, as she had found out; "is 'a going to my dear papa, and mama, and ickle bother?"

"No, my pretty, you must wait for them to come. We are going to catch some fish, and salt them, that they may keep with a very fine smell, till your dear papa brings your mama and all the family with him; and then what a supper we will have!"

"Ill 'a," she said; "and poor Bardie too?"

But the distance of the supper-time was a very sad disappointment to her, and her bright eyes filled with haze. And then she said, "Ness" very quietly, because she was growing to understand that she could not have her own way now. I lay on my

oars and watched her carefully, while she was shaking her head and wondering, with her little white shoulders above the thwart, and her innocent and intelligent eyes full of the spreading sky and sea. It was not often one had the chance, through the ever-fitting change, to learn the calm and true expression of that poor young creature's face. Even now I could not tell, except that her playful eyes were lonely, and her tender lips were trembling, and a heartfelt of simple love could find no outlet, and lost itself. These little things, when thinking thus, or having thought flow through them, never ought to be disturbed, because their brains are tender. The unknown stream will soon run out, and then they are fit again for play, which is the proper work of man. We open the world, and we close the world, with nothing more than this; and while our manhood is too grand (for a score and a half of years, perhaps), to take things but in earnest, the justice of our birth is on us, — we are fortune's plaything.

CHANGE IN THE HABITS OF A BIRD. — A writer in *Nature* records a remarkable instance of the entire change of habits in one of the native birds of New Zealand since the colonization of the island by Europeans. The Kea (*Nestor notabilis*) is a member of the family of Trichoglossine, or brush-tongued parrots, feeding naturally on the nectar of various indigenous flowers, or occasionally on insects found in the crevices of rocks or beneath the bark of trees. For several years past the sheep in the Otago district have been afflicted with what was thought to be a new kind of disease, first manifesting itself in a patch of raw flesh on the loin, the wool gradually coming completely off the side, and death being often the result. It was discovered that this was caused by the attacks of the Kea, or mountain-parrot, which threatens to become exceedingly destructive to the flocks. It is supposed that the taste for this kind of food was first developed from the parrots being introduced in the winter season, when their proper food was scarce, to attack the "meat-gallows" on which the carcasses of sheep were hung to dry the skins.

of the size of a pin's head on the following day. The skin of these eggs was so delicate that they could not be touched without breaking it, the micropyle was very apparent, and their colour yellowish; it was most worthy of note, however, that they were endowed with brilliant phosphorescence immediately after being laid, up to the time M. Jousset lost them, through their drying up from accidental exposure seven days subsequently. On being crushed in the dark the liquid exuding from one of these eggs, and spread on glass, was highly luminous, and remained so until the moisture had entirely evaporated.

PHOSPHORIC PROPERTIES OF THE GLOW-WORM. — According to M. Jousset (*Comptes rendus*, Sept. 4, 1871) the ova of the glowworm share the phosphoric properties of the parent insect. Two specimens confined in a glass tube by the experimenter deposited about sixty eggs

The Florentines are anxious that their city should lose nothing by the transfer of the capital, and have effected several important improvements during the last year. Outside the gate of San Miniato a new square has been laid out with trees and fountains to serve as a memorial of Michael Angelo, and *cadre* for bronze copies of David and the recumbent figures from the Medici chapel. The principal entrance to the church of the Badia has been opened up and restored in the style of the Early Renaissance, and a fine door by Niccolò di Pietro on the north of the cathedral has been so efficiently cleansed as to be scarcely recognisable. It is unfortunate that intrigues and dissensions delay the still more important works for completing the facade of the cathedral.

From Chambers' Journal.
MARINE FLORA.

In examining the law of creation, it is easy to recognize that life rests upon a general principle of striving after perfection; which, starting from the simplest organism, becomes ever more complicated, following the march of continual progression. Thus, in the mineral kingdom, there is no proper organization—nothing but the mathematical sketch which crystallization offers us; in the two higher kingdoms, living evolution begins. The *organ*, whose first element is the cell, shews itself, and henceforward there is manifested a remarkable parallelism between structure and function, which, marching side by side, rise in the scale of life. Sea-weeds, fungi, and lichens, forms of a single kind of cell, having neither stems, leaves, nor roots, are the lowest plants; after them come mosses, provided with stems and leaves; then the ferns and club-mosses; and by an ascending scale from these first-born of creation, rise the most brilliant examples of the whole vegetable kingdom. On the very threshold of existence too, there appear very extraordinary beings; elementary life seems to hesitate at its starting-point. In certain fermented liquors there may be seen gelatinous films, which give birth to myriads of cryptogamous plant and microscopic infusoria. There is sometimes mineral matter without crystallization, or vegetable and animal matter without organization; marking the close affinity between the lowest classes of vegetables and minerals. Another remarkable character of elementary life is the extreme energy and insatiable necessity of using their superabundant strength, which will have been noticed by all who have seen a drop of water magnified. The lowest orders of plants manifest a similar vitality, and crossing the boundary-line between them and animals, borrow a special attribute of the latter, the power of moving.

Before entering upon some of the peculiarities of sea-weeds, it may be well to explain, that by cryptogamous plants, to which they belong, are meant all those in which the flowers and seed-vessels are hidden, or only partially visible. The class is remarkable for the extremely microscopic smallness of the plants, which prevented the study of the subject until the middle of the eighteenth century, and nature shews in them how she can make the largest things out of infinitely small elements. Sometimes it is the atom that forms the mountains, seeing that they are

composed chiefly of the remains of calcareous infusoria; here it is the minute cryptogames that constitute broad tracts of land, a base for the whole vegetable kingdom. It is they who pulverize the rocks, and, from the accumulation of their own dead bodies, provide the vegetable earth from which all life emanates. Each disappearing in turn, is replaced by a higher series: the sea-weeds prepare for lichens; then come the mosses, then the ferns, and finally the trees with visible fruits and flowers. It necessarily follows that the cryptogames pass through their existence in the most rapid manner, and multiply to an immense extent; hours are to them seasons, and days are years. The mushroom, for instance, will increase its cells by sixty millions in a minute, according to a calculation of Fayer; and the seeds of most of the class are so innumerable, that thousands are in every seed-vessel, and hundreds would be required to cover a pin's head. Sailors have often traversed hundreds of miles over seas of a red colour, which proceeds from a microscopic sea-weed; and the imagination must picture the rapidity with which it is multiplied when it can change so great an extent of water. It is to this that the Red Sea owes its name; the accumulation in certain gulfs giving it the appearance of blood. But whilst giving life to many, they are equally to be feared as destroyers; the largest trees of the forest attacked by these cryptogames must fall; lichens, fungi, and mosses reduce the trunk to dust; and it is a wonderful spectacle to see such gigantic bodies a prey to these minute transformers. Most people know the *Merulius destruens*, which spreads itself in thin membranes over the roofs of cellars and damp vaults, dividing the bricks and crumbling them away. There is another fungus quite as redoubtable, known under the name of dry-rot, which has attacked and destroyed ships of war scarcely out of dock, and brings to ruin the most solid edifices, if not properly defended; so that if we say that in nature everything begins with cryptogamous plants, it is also by them that everything ends.

If we turn to vegetable life in the ocean, we shall find a flora animated, complex, and confusing to all classification: there is here the strange spectacle of animals living in plants, as in the sponge; and minerals growing in animals, as the coral. The marine flora, properly so called, consists almost entirely of sea-weeds, of which about two thousand species are known, growing in marshes, lakes, streams, and

seas. Nor are they confined within these boundaries, for physiologists recognize them as parasites growing on insects, worms, fishes, in the internal tissues of ruminants, and even in the eyes of man, his tongue, and his throat. They present the greatest variety of form. Some are simple elongated filaments, others have an appearance of membranes striking out from a long stem: sometimes we say they are like parchment or india-rubber; now as transparent balloons, or gophered stuff, trembling jelly, or horn shavings, bands of tanned skin, or fans of green paper. The most curious forms are to be found in this fantastic world. Nor are the colours less various — black, olive, yellow, green, carmine; the brown being the commonest, the red lying beneath the water, the green at the surface. They have no fibres, vessels, or circulation — nothing but the first vegetable element, the cell; and what might be called the root is not of use to nourish the plant, but simply to maintain it in its place. Yet there are some indications of an approach to animal life, as in the corallines, which have the singular power of encrusting themselves with carbonate of chalk, like the shell-fish, and also in their rapid decomposition, when the disagreeable odour recalls that of animal matter in a state of putrefaction.

They are propagated by what is called a spore, which has some relation to a seed, but is distinguished from it by the power it has of giving birth to individuals altogether different from the parent. Indeed, in all cryptogamous plants, the young one presents the characteristics of an inferior class. Every moss that germinates resembles a confervæ or river-sponge; every fern, a hepatica, or liver-wort; but what merits more particular attention is the faculty of moving which characterizes the spores: the reason is at present wholly unknown, some naturalists recognizing manifestations of life in them, which, carried away by youthful energy, long to pass the boundary in the vegetable kingdom, then hesitate, draw back, and end by taking their natural place in the scale of beings. There is one class of sea-weeds to which the name of oscillary has been given: they are always in a state of agitation so long as they exist. Sometimes isolated, sometimes connected, these little plants, consisting of a simple tube, have their free extremity perpetually moving, vertically or spirally; but it is evident that the light has a great effect upon them. When enclosed in a glass from which the light is effectually excluded, excepting in

one place, they may be seen collected and still in movement at that place. There is another class which every one knows, called the *protococcus*, which grows on damp stones, forming beds, sometimes red, but generally of a yellow green. It is the simplest of all vegetable creations, and consists of a hollow transparent cell filled with colouring matter. At a certain season of the year, it will be seen that each cell contains a number of others, which increase, press each other, and finally burst their shell, and thus form new plants, multiplying to an immense extent. To the same family belongs the *nostoc*, which, in early days, was regarded as a marvellous production, and called by many fanciful names, such as flower of heaven, heavenly heat, moon-spittle, &c. It is found on damp autumn days in garden alleys, or on the top of walls covered with earth, where it forms little gelatinous masses, dissipated by the sun's rays, but appearing again during the night. Innumerable chaplets of green granules appear in the midst of the jelly, and are perfectly inert, except at certain seasons when the sun acts upon them. The chaplets cover themselves with a thin membrane, and are enlarged by the collecting of the green globules into a sort of transparent bag, where, for a few days, they present a confused appearance, after which a fresh chaplet bursts out at the side, and begins a new and independent life. Sometimes each end of the chaplet elongates, enlarges, taking an elliptical form, deep in colour, and becoming a kind of membranous pouch. At this period, it is not unlike a caterpillar, each end terminating with a black head, which contains the spore. This pierces its envelope, and a new plant is formed, and recommences the same curious phenomena.

Curiosities are so abundant in this world of sea-weeds, that after having compared the different classes with the utmost patience, and by the aid of a powerful microscope, it is almost impossible to say where the different sections begin and end. One named from the Greek word *arthron*, articulation, comprehends a number of filamentous beings full of coloured specks. All have the power of moving; they swim, climb: many seem to be really animals, others pass alternately from apparent life to a purely vegetable state. Sometimes their filaments meet, fasten end to end, and form a canal, through which the granules of one pass to the other, giving birth to a spore, which in its turn traverses the phases of this al-

ternate life. If we rise in the series to the most common and abundant of sea-weeds, the fucus, we find its fronds flat, forked, and swelled here and there by oval vesicles filled with air, to support it on the surface of the water. Besides these, tuberculous excrescences terminate the forks; which, when examined, are like carefully lined nests—one containing bags of corpuscles; the other, spores of much larger dimensions. If these are detached, and laid together in sea-water, an amusing scene commences: during a few moments, the antherozoids, as the former are called, move about in extreme confusion, swimming without aim, and intermixing the filaments which are at each end of their orange-spotted body. Then, meeting a spore, they seize upon it, cover it with numbers, and by means of their vibratory hairy tuft, communicate to it a rotary motion, the rapidity of which is most astonishing, when the enormous disproportion of size between the two is taken into consideration. The spores must waltz on, and their large yellow balls are bristling with the strange little corpuscles, which, almost lost on their surface, can only be seen by the agitation of their trembling and silky filaments.

The difficulty of classifying these elementary families has already been mentioned, but naturalists have divided them into two classes, according to the place where they vegetate: that is to say, sweet-water sea-weeds, such as the *ulvæ* and *confervæ*; and marine sea-weeds—as, for instance, the fucus. Another commoner arrangement divides them into five tribes, according to their form and appearance. The nature of the soil which they require is a matter of indifference to them; their only element is water; the place to which they attach themselves is simply used as a support, and from the marsh where they stagnate, to the oceans where their gigantic fronds cover the surface, they form the most independent of the vegetable kingdoms; swimming, floating, or carrying away with them their elements of life and reproduction, when torn from the place of their birth. This ceases to be the case when the degree of depth which each species requires is considered. Each seems to belong to a certain zone, beyond which it cannot vegetate. This will easily be understood when we think of the different currents, the degrees of depth and density, the relative quantities of light and heat, perhaps also the saltiness of the water, but above all, the climate which the different oceans occupy. A curious fact is found in

the intimate relation which exists between the dimension of the sea-weed and the largeness of the seas which they inhabit: thus, in the Mediterranean, the smaller kinds are found; in the Atlantic Ocean, larger; in the Arctic Ocean the long-leaved laminaries; and in the Antarctic, the vastest body of water in the world, are sea-weeds which have been compared to marine trees, such as the gigantic *Durvillea*.

Among the most remarkable homes of the marine flora, sailors have noticed some, the importance of which is out of all proportion with what is seen in other seas. These banks of fucæ spread over the surface of the water like meadows, on the green-sward of which the foot might seem safely to tread, so thick and solidly bound together are they. Every sailor knows the one which is situated between the Azores, the Canary Islands, and the Cape de Verd. Had Columbus listened to the murmur of his crews, when sailing in this strange sea, which hindered his advance, he would have turned back to Spain, and the New World would not then have been discovered, so alarmed were they at so strange a phenomenon. Another mass nearly as considerable—that is, about six times the size of France—extends itself in the Pacific Ocean not far from the Californian coast. The sea-weeds come from all parts; torn from the shores of many lands, and carried by marine currents or the action of the waves, they form enormous vegetable banks, which float on the surface of the waters, carrying from one hemisphere to the other myriads of every kind of insects; and when settled down in calm waters, become centres of life and reproduction unsurpassed by the immense forests of the tropics. Nor is it only on the surface of the waters that sea-weeds are found in every latitude; the submarine flora has many representatives of this rich family, which, from the little *ectocarpus*, which carpets the ground, to the gigantic fucus, many hundreds of yards in length, live in marshes, lakes, rivers, and oceans. There is scarcely any shore where these are not to be found; but it is more particularly on the coasts of the Pacific Ocean that the diver can contemplate this undergrowth in all its magnificence—equalling in richness the landscapes of the tropical zones. Their forms, colours, and undulations are without parallel. Myriads of the little *confervæ* are pressed together in immense prairies, like a velvet-pile carpet; shaded with every imaginable green, set off here and there by the ample leaves of the sea-lettuce, or dyed with the scarlet

light thrown by the floating iridiæ. Then come the great thalassiophytes, with their fans of red, green, or yellow leaves; above are the supple ribbons of the laminariæ, and the tall stem of another, which is garnished by a collar of fringe, and ends in one immense leaf fifteen yards in length. Last of all, rises, from the midst of smaller growth, like the palm-tree in the forest, the superb nereocystus, whose immense stem swells gradually into a club, and is crowned by a tuft of ribbon leaves, exciting admiration by their soft and graceful undulations.

It is not difficult to imagine the effect which the least agitation of the waves must produce on these long and supple plants, but almost impossible to describe the fugitive tints which adorn this moving picture, when the rays of the sun, breaking through the waves, vivify the different colours which mingle and harmonize in the deep waters. Then all the living creatures must be depicted which animate these submarine landscapes: a thousand crabs travelling amidst the green ulva; shoals of sea-dogs, or columns of silver herring, gliding through the madrepores; the brilliant sea-anemone flourishing on the reefs; or the blue bell of some medusa drawing its tentacles among the long ribbons of the laminariæ.

In the economy of nature, sea-weeds play no unimportant part. If we look back to that distant period of the world's history when the scarcely cold crust of the earth was covered by water, we find the remains of the primordial protococcus in the lukewarm waters, the simple globules of which were preparing to cover the whole of the world. As the higher summits emerged into the light of day, they were covered with the first layer of earth, or mud, arising from decomposed sea-weeds. To the present time, they continue to lay the foundation, at the bottom of oceans, lakes, and rivers, of that fruitful detritus which successive generations of vegetable matter utilize so successfully. Independently of this, they have also an immediate and practical use; no poisonous sea-weeds are known; there are many kinds which furnish abundant alimentary resources, and others which are used on a vast scale in manufactures.

THE Island of Gorgona, off the coast of Choco, is much complained of by ship captains for its electric storms, and its irregular currents. It has held this reputation since the time of Pizarro.

From The Spectator.
AN OPEN POLAR OCEAN.

DR. PETERMANN, the eminent German geographer, has just announced a very interesting discovery. It will be in the knowledge of most of our readers that during the last two or three years, German, Swedish, and American explorers have been engaged in a series of attempts to reach the North Pole of the earth; or rather, it were perhaps more just to say that they have sought a less barren success, and that the ostensible purpose of their journeys has been to determine the true nature of those almost unknown regions which lie north of the 80th parallel of latitude. Apart altogether from the interest attaching to the question whether the Pole of the earth can be reached, there is much to encourage Arctic research. The flora and fauna of Arctic regions are well worthy of study; and even more interesting are the glacial phenomena presented amid that dismal domain. The student of the earth's magnetism cannot but look with interest to those regions towards which the magnetic needle seems to direct him. Within the Arctic regions also lie the poles of cold; there the winds complete their circuit; and there, if a modern theory be correct, lies the mainspring of the whole system of oceanic circulation. But lastly, material interests are involved in Arctic voyaging, since the whale fishery forms no unimportant branch of industry, and its success depends in large measure on the discovery of all the regions where the whales do chiefly congregate.

The discovery just announced by Dr. Petermann bears as closely on this question of the whale fishery as upon those problems respecting the Polar regions which had perplexed men of science.

Among the expeditions which had sailed during the spring of the present year, there was one, under the command of the German Lieutenants Payer and Weyprecht, which had sought the almost unvisited seas lying between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla. In a Norwegian sloop they penetrated into these seas; and now we have news of their complete success in attaining a very high northerly latitude,—the highest, we believe, ever attained in that direction. In latitude 78° north they found open water, extending in longitude from 42° to 60° (east), and abounding in whales; and they believe that under favourable conditions this sea would afford an open way to the pole.

It is to be remarked in passing that one of our scientific contemporaries has been

somewhat hasty, as we judge, in regarding this result — interesting as it undoubtedly is — as “the discovery of the open Arctic sea which has been so long searched for.” The question whether there is an open sea extending to the pole of the earth itself is as far from solution as it ever was. It has long since been known that open water lies beyond the ice-bound seas which surround the northern shores of Siberia. It is to this open water, not actually seen, but as actually discovered as though it had been seen, by Wrangel and his fellow-voyagers, that the name *Polynia* was first assigned. It has also been shown that there is open water to the north of portions of the American continent; while within the angle between north Greenland, and the prolongation of the western shore of Kennedy’s Channel, open water “rolling with the swell of a boundless ocean,” has been seen to extend “as far as the eye could reach” towards the north. It is also well known that close by the very region where Payer and Weyprecht found open water, our countryman Henry Hudson, sailing in one of the clumsy tubs called ships in the days of Queen Elizabeth, reached a far higher northerly latitude than the German voyagers. He did not, however, pursue the same course, since whereas they have penetrated between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, he sailed round the north-western shores of the former island. Sir Ed. Parry, in 1827, reached yet farther north, and although his voyage — on a due northerly course from Spitzbergen — was not a sea journey, but prosecuted by means of boats and sledges over the ice-covered seas, yet the manner in which his progress towards the pole was finally stopped shows clearly that the seas on which the ice-fields lay were both wide and deep. His party were already well advanced on their course over what they supposed to be a solid ice-field, extending perhaps to within but a short distance of the pole; or even beyond it. They were harassed by the difficulties and dangers which they had to encounter, and several of their number were rendered half blind by the glare of the snow-fields; but they still plodded steadily onwards, upheld by the hope of achieving that enterprise which so many had attempted in vain. At length, constant winds from the north began to try their spirit. It seemed as though the guardian genius of the Arctic regions had commissioned these winds to oppose the efforts of the intruders. The men pushed on, despite the winds, but their efforts were as the labours of Sisy-

phus; as fast as they journeyed northward the winds carried southward the whole of the ice-field on which they were voyaging. The ice-field was not fixed, as they had supposed, but, vast as was its extent and thickness, it was floating on the Arctic seas. No surer evidence could have been given of the existence of open Arctic water farther north. When Parry led his men homewards there must have been open water all along the northern edge of the great ice-field, and extending to a distance of at least two hundred miles towards the pole. Such an extent of water, at the very least, must have been left open by the mere southerly drift of the great ice-field.

But the discovery just announced, although it affords no new evidence of importance respecting the open Polar sea, is yet of great interest, in showing how the open water surrounding northern Spitzbergen may be reached along a new course. The voyage past the north-westerly shore of Spitzbergen is full of dangers. It has been attempted again and again without success, while too often the result of such attempts has been not merely failure, but disaster. The route followed by Lieutenants Payer and Weyprecht had been thought far less promising. It lies nearer to the Siberian pole of cold, and the seas, being narrower, seemed more likely to remain ice-bound, even at midsummer. Now that it has been successfully traversed, other voyagers will probably attempt it. The fact that the open sea between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla abounds with whales will no-doubt induce many hardy whalers to explore the route, and possibly to voyage far to the north on the open sea in their search for these creatures. Certainly, if Arctic travellers can succeed in reaching this open water earlier in the year than those who have discovered it, they will not return without being able to tell us whether the sea really does extend far towards the north pole. It requires only a glance at a good map of the Arctic seas (not the monstrosities on Mercator’s Projection), to see that in all probability the open water discovered by Lieutenants Payer and Weyprecht communicates freely not only with the seas on which Hudson sailed, but also with the open water reached by Drs. Kane and Hayes through Kennedy’s Channel. Should this be so, we may not only hope to hear before long that the North Pole has been reached, but also that something has been learned respecting the deep seas to the north of Spitzbergen, and respecting the

hitherto unvisited northern shores of the island (we suppose) of Greenland. It is even possible that a voyage along the course now discovered may supply the best means of ascertaining the configuration of the northern shores of that strange archipelago lying to the north of the American continent. Indeed it is difficult to say how otherwise those shores can ever be reached. All the attempts hitherto made by the seekers after a North-Western passage have failed in enabling the voyagers to find a course outside the North-American Arctic archipelago; and, as our readers are doubtless aware, the problem of the North-Western Passage was at length solved, not by sailing round this archipelago, but by penetrating through it to a spot subsequently reached by voyagers who had passed through Behring's Straits. It would be strange, indeed, but not altogether unexpected, if voyagers from the seas lying to the north of Spitzbergen should be able to reach Behring's Straits by an open-sea course. We say "not wholly unexpected" because the late Captain Lambert proposed to reach the North Pole—or to attempt to reach it—from the side of Behring's Straits; and since others have believed that the pole could be reached from the direction of Spitzbergen, we might infer, by combining the two theories, that an open-sea communication exists between Spitzbergen and Behring's Straits. Should this prove to be the case, the discovery would certainly not be the least interesting result of the successful voyage of Lieutenants Payer and Weypecht. Of course, the voyage between Spitzbergen and Behring's Straits would be far too dangerous for any save exploring expeditions; but it is a fact worthy of mention, that should such a voyage be possible, the journey from England to the Chinese seas by Spitzbergen and Behring's Straits would be far shorter, so far as mere distance is concerned, not only than the course thither round the Cape of Good Hope, but even than the famous North-Western passage, the search for which has cost so many valuable lives.

From The Spectator.

THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD.—1738 AND 1871.

THERE is probably no element in the national life of England involving so much of middle-age and even Byzantine archæology as the constitution of what is

termed "the Queen's Household." Not a little of philological interest attaches also still, in some cases, to its nomenclature,—as, for instance, in the use of the word "yeoman," to designate an officer between the "serjeant" and the "assistant" (formerly "groom"), in which case it seems clearly, as in many guild-charters and statutes, to mean simply "young man."

Still more precious to the philologist is the term "ewry," as surviving only here, and as representing, with its still current brother-word "ewer," an extinct Norman family of words which have no remaining near kinship in French beyond the familiar *eau* ("ewe" in our early statutes), the only modern French word for water-vessel being a South-French form, much more nearly related to *aqua*,—*aiguère*.

We do not go so far as to say that archæology and philology demand that the Queen's Household should be kept upon its present footing. We could see without a pang the disappearance of the "Hereditary Grand Falconer," whatever savour of the ages of romance may cling to the title, and although, sooth to say, Hurlingham pigeon-shooting may appear to us an utterly base and snobbish substitute for the falconer's craft, and, *pace* Sir Charles Dilke, much less worth the continuance of the Duke of St. Alban's £1,500 a year than his present sinecure. We are strongly inclined to believe that—assuming the pageantry of a Court to be still kept up—a judicious weeding out of superfluous offices from the Household would be practicable, and would probably bring relief in many ways to the Sovereign herself. But there is one element of singular unfairness in Sir Charles Dilke's mode of dealing with the subject. To judge from his speech, one would think that the Household had been hitherto treated as a sacrosanct ark, on which no hand had ever been laid. It is easy to show that this is by no means the case, and that the Sovereign's Household in 1871, however superfluously ample it may yet appear to many, is yet of far scantier dimensions than it was, say, a century and a half ago.

Take, for instance, the eighth edition, printed 1738, of that curious book, the *Gazetteer and Imperial Calendar*, in one of our forefathers', (Chamberlayne's) "Present State of Great Britain and Ireland." We find here the three great divisions or departments of the Household, the same as now,—those of the Lord Steward, the Lord Chamberlain, and the Master of the Horse. But if we compare their composition with that

given by the "Imperial Calendar" for 1871, we shall find great changes. The total of 154 persons holding office now in the Lord Steward's department is no doubt considerable. But in 1738 the number seems to have been 198, or between one-third and one-fourth more. The five "table-deckers," whom Sir Charles Dilke falls foul of, were then seven. Whole departments, many officers—some of each with names to make a philologist's mouth water—have vanished altogether,—the "Buttery," with its "gentleman," "yeoman," and three "grooms;" the "Spicery," with its clerk; the "Acatery," with its "serjeant," "sole clerk," and "yeoman of salt stores;" the "Poultry," the "Scalding-House," the "Wood Yard." The "King's Privy Kitchen" and the "Household Kitchen" are no longer distinct. Five "turn-broachers" have disappeared from the two; the "salsary man" and the "furner" are gone from the "Pastry;" "cartakers" and "tail-cart-takers" are no more, and with the "bread-bearer" the "cock and crier" has made his exit. The amount of retrenchment would appear greater still were it not that some new officers have been introduced, such as the "steam-apparatus man" undreamt of in 1738, or the three gardeners of the Royal gardens of Windsor, Hampton Court, and Buckingham Palace, whose predecessors probably figured originally on the staff of the Woods and Forests before this became a public department.

If we turn now to the department of the Lord Chamberlain (which seems to have drawn within itself one or two formerly independent or quasi-independent departments, such as the Chapels Royal, the office of the Master of the Great Wardrobe, the Gentlemen-at-arms, and Yeomen of the Guard), we find in like manner a considerable diminution of the *personnel*. As near as the comparison can be made, and including a number of persons who under George II. are included within the Lord Chamberlain's department, but without salaries being affixed to their names, and who may have been mere honorary purveyors, as well as Wardens and Rangers of the Royal Parks, Woodwards, Stewards of Manors, and others who now would form part of a public department, the corresponding totals appear to be about 575 in 1738 against 430 in 1871, the diminution being almost exactly that of one-fourth. "Cup-bearers," "Carvers," "Gentlemen Sewers," "Sewers of the Chamber," have disappeared. So have also the "Master of the Revels," with his

"yeoman," the "Master of the Tennis-court;" the "Keeper of the Lions, Lionsesses, and Leopards at the Tower;" and finally, in sharp contrast to the last named, an idyllic personage whose title is redolent of bygone days, the "Strewer of Herbs," with her salary of £24 per annum. One branch of the department, however, has increased by nearly a third,—the Medical branch, over which Sir Charles Dilke made merry. Fifteen persons in all can be viewed as connected with it in 1738, as against the 21 of 1871, including a humble "operator for the teeth," who now figures full-blown as "Surgeon-Dentist." What, however, Sir Charles Dilke did not say, and what ought to be borne in mind, is that these appointments are to a great extent viewed as simple acts of recognition by the head of the State of professional eminence, so that it is very nearly absurd to fall foul of the twenty-one physicians, surgeons, &c., to the Queen, as it would be to number the barristers who are "of counsel to Her Majesty," and to ask whether the Queen requires the services of so many silk gowns. And the same applies to the very meagre recognition by the Crown of Art and Literature. Sir Charles Dilke, it may be observed, does not seem to have ventured to make a butt to his audience of the Poet Laureateship, seeing who fills the office, although the Historical Painter to the Queen, the Portrait Painter to the Queen, and the Lithographer in Ordinary fell under his ban. For our part, we should say, if it came to be felt any benefit to art, we should be quite willing to see, not one, but three or four "Sculptors to the Queen," "Engravers to the Queen," "Water-colour Painters to the Queen," "Etchers to the Queen," &c., &c. But it may gratify Sir Charles Dilke to hear that there was of old a "Serjeant Painter" to the King, as well as a "Painter in Enamel," whose offices have disappeared.

The last department to be noticed is by far the smallest, that of the Master of the Horse. Here too, in comparing 1738 to 1871, we find considerable retrenchment,—twenty-six *employés* instead of thirty-four. It is true that the "Royal Hunt," under the Master of the Buckhounds (who, under George II., was under the Lord Chamberlain,) is now conjoined with it, bringing an additional contingent of eight, besides the Master and the Hereditary Grand Falconer. The details of this sub-department do not appear in the work of 1738, but we do find there another highly-paid officer—implying also probably a

separate staff—who has completely vanished, the “Master of the Harriers and Fox Hounds,” with his salary of £2,000 a year. Cruel here also towards the philologist have been some of the suppressions of offices, as that of the “Avenar and Clerk Martial,” or of the “Clerk of the Avery.”

Against these diminutions in the Household there is indeed one set-off. At the head of the list in the Imperial Calendar stands now a small department of 12 persons only, beginning with the name of the “Private Secretary to Her Majesty,” and which is emphatically designated “Her Majesty’s Household,” of which only one or two elements, such as the “Keeper of His Majesty’s Library” and the “Keeper of the Privy Purse in Ordinary,” are to be found in the lists of 1738, both in the Lord Chamberlain’s Department. This is what really represents the personal service required by Her Majesty; and nothing is more remarkable as showing the gradual separation which has taken place between the individual Sovereign and the Sovereign’s office, than the growth of this distinct *personal* department of the Household.

On the whole, then, we repeat it, the fair consideration of this subject requires us to bear in mind that a very considerable diminution in the Royal Household viewed as an apparatus of State pageantry, amounting, we may say roughly, to one-quarter of its *personnel*, has taken place since the reign of George II. On the other hand, the fact that this diminution (the “when” and the “how” of which we leave to those more learned in such matters than we care to be) has taken place already, affords a strong argument for supposing that further diminution is not impracticable; whilst the separation between the personal and the State departments of the Household, which requires to be more generally known than it is as a fact, and which, as a principle, might probably be carried much further into practice, affords the means of carrying out any well-considered reform of the State departments, without trenching on the rights and comforts, as a lady, of “the highest lady in the realm.”

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
A FRENCH VIEW OF MR. GLADSTONE'S
POLICY.

THE *Temps* published on Tuesday the following article:—

The speech which Mr. Gladstone delivered at the Lord Mayor’s banquet is especially remarkable as confirming and defining the policy of abstention which England has adopted in respect of her foreign relations. We do not think that we ought to condemn our neighbours, nor judge them so harshly as has been done for their refusal to intervene in our favour during the late war. The Empire had entered upon the game with such levity that all alliances were rendered impossible, and, moreover, we know that the diplomacy of M. de Bismarck had foreseen all contingencies and prevented all intervention. It is also manifest that a country has the right to consult only its own interests, and to regard them in its own light. It is therefore rather from an historical point of view that we should now regard the attitude assumed by England during the events such as have happened and may again occur in Europe. Nothing can be more simple than her rule of conduct; she withdraws herself from everything, repudiates all interest in anything, yields on everything. If her signature appended to a treaty of guarantee is pointed out, she allows it to be protested. Quite recently she has consented to the annihilation of the principal clauses of the Treaty of Paris, which formerly she deemed so inadequate and so disproportioned to the sacrifices of the Crimean War. We repeat that England, in withdrawing into the serene regions of abstention, is acting within her right, and it would be bad taste to dispute it. All that can be objected to it is, that the inoffensive character with which she invests herself does not necessarily imply security. England does not appear sufficiently to appreciate the solidarity which connects nations with each other. We know the remark of Lord Palmerston when he heard of the aggression which Prussia and Austria were preparing against Denmark—“This is the gravest event which has happened in Europe, and it is but the beginning of events far more serious still.” These anticipations have been realized, and who will venture to say that England ought not then to have done all in her power to prevent what has since occurred? Or who will maintain that the position of England has not been modified to her own detriment by the three great wars of which she has been an unconcerned spectator since 1864? It is impossible for a great Power to sacrifice influence with impunity. The English nation may strive in vain to be counted for nothing; a moment will

come when they will feel that commercial prosperity itself depends upon political power. Let us suppose that England pushes her principles to the utmost limits. She has no longer any allies upon the Continent, neither Austria nor France, and she congratulates herself upon the fact. She declines to protect her former clients, Belgium, Luxemburg, and what remains of Denmark. She goes further, and declares herself prepared to abandon those of her possessions which may give occasion for any dispute. She gives up Heligoland to Germany, Gibraltar to Spain, Malta to Italy. She becomes exclusively pacific and manufacturing. She intrenches herself behind her girdle of sea and abandons the Continent to itself. She imitates the snail and retires into her shell. And what has she gained by that? Simply placing herself at the mercy of the Powers which she has permitted to aggrandize themselves, and holding her independence only upon the condition of never becoming an obstacle or an object of envy to any one.

From The Economist.

THE REPAYMENT OF THE GERMAN DEBT.

IN the course of the Coinage Debate last week, the Prussian Minister of Finance, Herr Camphausen, made rather an interesting statement respecting the Treasury bills or bonds which are under notice to be repaid next January and February. It had been objected, he said, that the operations of repayment would be impeded by the new coinage, because some of the Treasury bills of the Confederation had been created in English money, and they might have to repay them in that money. To this the Minister replied, that *already* a large portion of these Treasury bills had been repaid. "I can inform the previous speaker," he said, "that at this moment the Treasury of the North German Confederation possesses 3,600,000*l.* of these Treasury bills. We have naturally interpreted the authority which the Reichstag has given us to issue notice of repayment, as an authorization to buy them back at suitable prices, so that the money may not lie idle in the Treasury, but appreciably alleviate the burdens of the State (bravo!); and it has not only contributed to alleviate the burdens of the State, it has facilitated that 'equalization process' which the previous speaker so powerfully depicted —

large sums being thrown on the market to find new investments. That is a reason why all values in Germany have kept going up, and I anticipate that this rise in value will continue for some time longer." This is obviously a very important statement of the Finance Minister, quite apart from the theory as to the effect of keeping money for the new German coinage, which it is intended to refute. We learn now for the first time that the German Government has been using its indemnity money to a material amount in repurchasing the bonds which are to be repaid next January and February. To what extent exactly this has been done we do not know, as the Minister only speaks of the bills expressed in sterling money, 7,500,000*l.*, whereas the whole amount noticed to be repaid is 15,000,000*l.* Of course to the extent the German Government may use the instalments about to fall due in a similar manner the less gold will have to be sent to Germany, and we are glad to see that the German Government professes to be sensitive to the saving of interest. The statement, however, also shows that the German Government has all the greater future power over the money market, for the more it has repaid the more on balance it has to draw out of the European money market. There is one point on which there can be little doubt. Now that the proceedings of the German Government in regard to receiving the indemnity and repaying the debt, are so important, they should be carefully made public. A Government causes great mischief by conducting such transactions in the dark, and in the end it is itself a loser by the uncertainty and confusion it creates in the markets where its financial operations are carried on.

THE LAMENT FOR ADONIS.

TRANSLATED BY HENRY KING.

I WAIL Adonis! fair Adonis dead!

"Adonis dead!" the Loves repeat the wail.
Sleep no more, Cypris! — from thy purple couch
Rise sable-stoled, and beat upon thy breast,
And cry aloud, that all the world may hear,
"Alas! Adonis! fair Adonis dead!"

I wail Adonis, and the echoing Loves
Repeat the wail. — Amid the hills he lies,
The fair Adonis, by the Boar's white tusk
Gored in his whiter thigh: — and Cypris sees
Distraught his faint and fainter failing breath,
And o'er his snowy flesh the red stream well, —
And underneath the lids his glazing eyes
Grow dim, — the rose-flush and the kiss's fire
Die from the chilling lips where yet her own

Cling passionate, as they ne'er would part;—to her

Even of those dead lips yet the kiss is sweet;
But he not knows who kissed him as he died!

I wail Adonis! and the echoing Loves
Repeat the wail!—A cruel, cruel wound
He hath, Adonis, in his thigh;—a wound
Yet deeper Cytherea in her heart!

Around their youthful master whine and howl

The dogs he loved;—for him the mountain-nymphs

Go weeping:—Venus, all her tresses loose
Unbraided, and unsandalled, wanders through
The copses, wild in grief;—the brambles tear
Her passing limbs and drink her sacred blood.
Through the long narrow glens she paces, shrill
With wailing call on her Assyrian spouse,
Her Boy!—But him the dark blood, spouting
high

From that deep thigh-wound, dyes o'er chest
and flank,

All purpled now, that erst were white as snow!

Woe! woe for Cytherea!—All the Loves
Repeat the wail. Her fair, fair spouse is dead,
And dead with him her beauty:—beautiful
Was Cypris while Adonis lived,—but now
All Cypris' beauty with Adonis dies!

"Alas!"—the mountains and the forests
cry—

"Alas! Adonis!"—saddened roll the streams
For Aphrodite's sorrow;—'mid the hills
The fountains for Adonis weep;—and all
The grieving flowers are wet with crimson tears.
But She through mountain-pass, through thorp
and town,

Roams ever wailing:—piteous is her wail!

Woe! woe for Cytherea!—he is dead,

The fair Adonis!—Echo answers "Dead!"

"The fair Adonis!"—Who that would not
weep

For Cypris and her love so cruel crossed!

She, when as from that hideous wound she
saw

The warm blood gushing o'er his paling flank,
And knew it fatal, round him flung her arms

Embracing,— "Stay a while, Adonis! stay!

Ah! too unhappy! stay, while yet these arms

For the last time may fold thee, clasp thee close,

Lip glued to lip,—oh! yet a moment wake

Adonis! Kiss me once again, once more,

Kiss me, as long as on thy lips the kiss

Not all expires,—while yet through heart and

frame

Their latest breath can thrill, while yet mine
own

Can drink and drain their nectar!—Evermore

To me the memory of that kiss shall be *

Dear as Adonis' self!—since thou, alas!

Ill-fated, thus forsak'st me, far away

Forsak'st me, fleest, ah me! to Acheron

And Acheron's cruel and malignant king:—

While I, unhappy! I, a Goddess born,

Immortal live, and cannot follow thee! *

Take thou my husband, Proserpine! for thou

Art mightier far than I! to Thee descends

Whate'er is beautiful! Ah me! for aye

Most miserable! for no tears may sate

My sorrow, though for ever, evermore,

I weep Adonis, and with jealous fear

Dread thee, dark Goddess!—Diest thou so, O

thrice

Belovèd?—like a dream my love hath fled!

Widowed is Cytherea! in her halls

The Loves mope idle, and the Cestus lacks

The spell that charmed thee living, dead with

thee!—

What madness made thee hunt? Ah! why

should one

So fair as thou with savage beasts contend?"

So Cypris wailed—so with her wailed the Loves,

Woe! woe for Cytherea!—He is dead,

The fair Adonis! and for him the tears

Of Paphia gush as fast as from his wound

The crimson life-drops, that, with touch of

earth

Transmuted, rise in flowers:—From these the

rose

Hath birth,—Anemone from Venus' tears.

I wail Adonis! fair Adonis dead!

No longer, Cypris, mourn amid the woods

Thy husband:—For Adonis ready stands

The couch, with foliage pillowed soft and

fair:—

On thine own couch thy dead Adonis lies,

In Death how fair!—fair yet as though he

slept!

Upon the purple quiltings of thy bed

Gold-braided lay him, where so many a night,

By thee reposed, he wooed with Love's sweet

toil

The sacred sleep. Sad as he is to see,

To thee he yet is lovely!—Garlands bring

And flowers to deck him with, though of all

flowers

The fragrance perished when Adonis died:—

Fling o'er him myrtle blossoms,—sprinkle him

With perfume, and rich unguent-drops,—what

boot

To spare these now, when he, that was to thee

Sweeter than they, is dead?—How fair he lies

So purple-shrouded!—See the Loves around,

Thronging and wailing, rend their little locks,

Adonis' funeral-gifts:—and on his bow

One stamps,—another on his shafts,—a third

His quiver breaks;—this from Adonis' feet

Unbinds the sandals;—this in golden urns

Brings water;—this his cruel-wounded thigh

Laves tenderly;—and at his head one stands,

And cools Adonis with his fanning wings.

"Ai! Ai! for Cytherea!" wail the Loves.

On Hymen's threshold lie his torches quenched,

* Was this line in Tennyson's mind, when he wrote

"Dear as remembered kisses after Death"?

ἀ δὲ τὰλαίρα
ζῶν, καὶ θεὸς ἐπὶ, καὶ οὐ δύναται σε δύναι
and can only feel how impossible it is to render them worthily.

His nuptial-garlands scattered:—silent now
Of "Hymen, Hymenæe," is the song:—
O Hymen! "Ai! ai!" is the strain to-day,—
"Ai! ai! for dead Adonis!" and once more
"Ai! ai! for dead Adonis,—and for thee!"

The Graces weep the son of Cinyras:—
"Alas!" each echoes each—"Adonis dead!
The fair Adonis!"—shriller is their wail
Even than thine own, Dione!—And "alas!
"Adonis!" weep the Muses, and with chant
And spell would win him back:—but he not
hears,

Though gladly would he hear them if he
could:—

Nor e'er will Ceres' Daughter let him go!

Cease thy lamenting, Cypris!—for to-day
Forbear thy plaints!*—another year must
wake

Thy grief anew, and bid thee weep again!

Blackwood's Magazine.

* Κομψών—Gal-ford's, or Ruhnken's, happy em-
endation of the ordinary reading, κόμων.

THE "MEGARA'S" CREW ON ST. PAUL'S ISLAND.—The *Bombay Gazette* publishes some particulars regarding the stay of the crew of the *Megara* on St. Paul's Island, furnished by Captain Ruskell, the commander of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer *Hindustan*, the vessel which brought on Captain Thrupp and some of his officers to Galle. After describing the circumstances under which the vessel was run ashore, the account says:—

The situation was not very alluring. The island was nearly barren, and a journey of reconnaissance failed to discover more than two human beings. These were Frenchmen, who had remained on the island to look after certain stores for whaling ships, which called in occasionally at the island. The ship's provisions and every other thing available were taken off from the *Megara*, and the men proceeded to make the best of bad circumstances. They erected tents, built little houses; they had a few games and some social meetings; and they smoked and looked a good deal to seaward. The architectural arrangements, though primitive, had very civilized nomenclature. The tents were arranged as streets, terraces, crescents, lanes, and so on, and several residences were designated as villas and mansions. The streets had sounding or appropriate names, and it has been hinted that the leakiest and most miserable tent was dignified with the classical appellation of "Megara Mansion." The island contained many hot springs, and it was probably attempted to utilize them as natural cooking-pots, since fish were caught in great abundance in the crater. By way of novelty and amusement, combined with usefulness, the captain and Lieutenant Rokesby, of the Survey Department, executed drawings of their encampment from various points of view. A month passed on, and the Robinson Crusoe sort of life began to unfold a few of its inevitable discomforts. Provisions began to run short—at least biscuits did; and latterly the men's rations on that head were reduced to a quarter lb. per day. Some water was discovered in a cranny in the island, and the resources from the little stream were eked out with some condensing operations. Some of the men had got unwell, and this made matters still more uncomfortable. One day the little community was excited by the appearance of a

vessel, and about 600 eyes were anxiously levelled at her. She proved to be a small Dutch barque, and it was plain not much relief was to be expected from her. Three officers—Lieutenants Rokesby and Hazlewood, and Midshipman Henderson, who was about to join H. M. S. *Blanche*—were detached, and sent off to the Dutchman as a sort of relief party, to make whatever arrangements were possible in order to procure the dispatch of assistance from some port. The officers were rowed by two seamen; but the way was long and the sea was rough, and the men could not return to the island, and had to set their boat adrift and to take up their quarters in the barque. The officers and the two men were landed at Batavia, where it would appear, they at once communicated with Government. From Batavia they went to Singapore, and at that port they were taken up by the *Hindustan*, and landed at Galle, whence they proceeded to Melbourne. Forty-seven weary days in all had passed with the islanders, when another ship appeared. It proved to be the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamship *Malacca*, which, in consequence of the advice of Lieutenant Rokesby and his companions, had been sent by Government from China to take off the castaways. The sea was running dreadfully high round the island, and it was blowing hard. The *Malacca* tried what she could to communicate with the shore, but could not, and lost three of her boats and two of her anchors in the endeavour, besides having all her live-stock washed overboard. On the fifth day she was successful, and the suspense of those on the island was allayed. On the fifty-second day after the *Megara* was run ashore, all the men were reshipped. Just as they were about to leave, their old ship, which had held together till this time, began to dismember; in a short time she went down: and the men felt comfort in the reflection that they had seen the last of the *Megara* from other decks than her own. They were not vexed to be relieved from their position on another score. On the island side of the crater there is a considerable peak, about 800 feet high. Two days before they left an enormous crack had rent its shoulder, and it was feared that if it fell, as it seemed likely to do, it would bury something more beneath it than its own débris.

